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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

AND OTHER PATRIOTIC STORIES

INTRODUCTION AND ARRANGED BY

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INTRODUCTION

THIS volume presents a series of patriotic selections of unquestioned literary merit. The purpose is to teach patriotism. This is accomplished through stories chosen with special regard to their effectiveness as avenues through which young people may experience the patriotic sentiments and emotions upon which love of native land depends. Each story is preceded with an appropriate short poem carrying the sentiment of the selection that follows.

At no time in the history of our country have the need and the demand for the teaching of citizenship, patriotism, and loyalty to national ideals been more pronounced than at present. The schools are expected to satisfy the need, and the great mass of people outside the school will profit by the literature that will strengthen their appreciation of citizenship in our republic. The teaching of patriotism is more beneficial and more lasting in results when directed toward the young citizens of the land who will soon assume the larger civic duties of maturer years.

This volume offers a group of literary selections that will inspire an enthusiastic love of country and will create a pronounced regard for the institutions and ideals so sacred to all Americans. The selections are presented with brief introductory notes that will help to give the reader the right attitude of mind.

THE SELECTIONS

The Man Without a Country

Edward Everett Hale's notable patriotic classic, "The Man Without A Country," is given first place. Probably no other selection is so well suited to the purposes and limits of this volume. The story was written during the critical period of the Civil War to arouse the North to a greater love of country. It recounts how a dashing young army officer said he wished never to hear of the United States again. As a punishment he had his wish fulfilled. He was kept on board a naval vessel and was never permitted to see or to hear of his native land again. The pathetic story of this unfortunate man will awaken the patriotic emotions of boys and girls more surely than any other piece of American literature. It is a classic that successive generations of young Americans will continue to read as long as the flag flies. The fact that no such punishment was ever inflicted upon an army officer will satisfy the curiosity of the reader and will not detract in the least from the effectiveness of the story as a means of developing patriotic sentiment.

OTHER STORIES

The remaining stories appear in order of historical sequence. However, no effort has been made to include all the critical periods of our history nor more than a selected few of the national heroes. The pur-

poses of the volume are best served in presenting a few stories by the best of our modern writers.

In the stories that follow, boys and girls will come into intimate touch with a few of the great personalities of American history.

They will join the children around "Grandfather's Chair" and hear the story of the famous "Liberty Tree."

They will visit George Washington as commander-in-chief of the American Army and get a glimpse of the struggle for freedom and liberty.

They will travel the Texas frontier with David Crockett and his trusty rifle "Betsy," and will be moved to righteous indignation at the untimely death inflicted upon him and other defenders of the Alamo by the revengeful Santa Anna.

They will interview Lincoln in the White House, will hear him tell a characteristic story, and will learn some of the reasons why he is accorded so high a place in the hearts of his countrymen.

They will next join a small lad in a visit, memorable to him, to the field headquarters of one of America's greatest soldiers, General Robert E. Lee, and will be entertained by him and his staff of gallant generals.

They will go to the relief of stricken France and will learn that it became necessary for America to enter the World War to make democratic institutions and ideals safe for the world. They will talk to our boys

in a French village back of the firing line and will learn how they saved Paris at Chateau Thierry.

They will hear President Wilson tell a group of immigrants the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship. They will travel in imagination with a Russian peasant to his native village and will live through his difficult but successful struggle in breaking away from the shackles of oppression and entering the land of political freedom.

They will learn in the last selection that "America is the land where hate should die," where all should live in the enjoyment of political freedom, where all should promote the general welfare of the nation and of the world.

Thus through these splendid stories the young reader will learn that the men who made America great had private and familiar lives which are not revealed in the cold conventional tones of a school history. The stories reflect in a realistic manner the spirit of the American people as they responded to national needs at critical periods. The characters and the events assume the hues of life in the realities of a story. No other type of material is so effective in building patriotic sentiment.

A DEPARTURE FROM CONVENTIONAL MATERIAL

Compilations issued under patriotic labels all too frequently have their pages filled with orations occasioned by critical periods of our history, biographical

sketches of national heroes, and descriptions of gory battles. Such material may possess literary merit, may be truly patriotic, and may properly have a place in the more formal classroom studies, but it is characterized by abstractions, generalizations, figures of speech, and lurid descriptions which make but small appeal to the child's imagination and sentiment. Immaturity and lack of adequate background prevent full appreciation.

The conventional patriotic literature is also often overbalanced with writings that engender ill feeling toward other nations. A national consciousness must grow in the hearts of the young, but not at the expense of other people. There is little doubt that much harm has resulted from the use of literature which arouses a spirit of animosity. Children should learn at an early age that the American spirit is one of peacefulness, toleration, and good will; that we have never been and never should be, in spirit and in social institutions, entirely independent of other nations; and that we have world-wide responsibilities and interests which must be met.

By way of contrast, the present volume contains a number of stories of a length to give the pupil intimate glimpses of some of the greatest men and events of our history. They appeal to his imagination and kindle emotional fires within his breast. They are selected with special regard to their fitness for youth of the age and advancement of the upper elementary

grades. Teachers and parents may be assured that literature of this character will prove most effective in developing in the young love of country and appreciation of national ideals and institutions.

—*John M. Foote.*

State Supervisor of Elementary Schools, and Educational Service, Department of Education, Louisiana

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

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—*Katherine Lee Bates*

MY NATIVE LAND

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

"The Man Without a Country" was published in 1863 at a critical period of the nation's history. The North had become weary of the long war between the states. Destructive criticism of Lincoln and of the generals was seriously interfering with the plans of the administration. Edward Everett Hale recognized the crisis, and used the power of his fluent pen to awaken and inspire the patriotic sentiment of the nation. The story provoked the most fervid discussion throughout the country.

The story was at first accepted as historically true. It was learned in due course that the pathetic story existed only in the imagination of the author, who used it to teach the great moral lesson of patriotic duty to one's country.

Two brief references of a sectional character have been omitted.

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the "New York Herald" of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement—

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette 'Levant,' Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the "Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would

have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the "Levant" who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the

Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo,*"* determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow—at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing

*"I do not remember."

while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low jack. Poker was not yet invented. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time His Excellency, Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then after a little talk he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebreak or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as a MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial

stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His edu-

cation, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment.

Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the "Nautilus" got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the

prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted, perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now, regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the "Intrepid," some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

"Sir, You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the
"Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed

it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the "Levant" has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there.

I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the "Brandywine," which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Na-

poleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of

time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,"

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well";

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,"

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I

say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the "Warren" came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps, that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise, it was once when he was up the Mediterranean, that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the "Warren"

I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the "Warren," or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travellers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in

true negro state, " 'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, " 'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and " 'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said, so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a Godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he

said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again. I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to.

These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and al-

most every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; the commodore said,

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the

Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, he said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter, that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, em-

brasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he used to read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight,

of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other

man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain, a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a

few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand cuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave

them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was

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belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will

not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr, asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it, from the map of the world and the map of Mexico.

The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit, so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and

her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—this virgin province, in which his brother had travelled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the "Levant," a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

The reader will understand Danforth's letter, or the beginning of it, if he will remember that after ten years of Nolan's exile every one who had him in charge was in a very delicate position. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED: I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old 'Intrepid' days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot

get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, God bless her! a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, tell me something, tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where

he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war, told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java, asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him, of emigration, and the means of it; of steam boats, and railroads, and telegraphs; of inven-

tions, and books, and literature; of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School, but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words

more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

" '*In Memory of*

" 'PHILIP NOLAN,

" '*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

" 'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.' "

—*Edward Everett Hale*

LIBERTY TREE

In a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinction they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

—*Thomas Paine*

THE LIBERTY TREE

The "Liberty Tree" is a selection from *Grandfather's Chair*, a volume of historical stories in which Nathaniel Hawthorne describes the eminent characters and remarkable events of New England history from the coming of the Puritans through the Revolutionary War period. He relates an unbroken thread of authentic history through the adventures of an old armchair that was brought over from England by one of the settlers of the Plymouth Colony. The departed men and women and the stirring events of the Colonial Period are made realistic by associating them with the homely fireside chair. The reader learns that the notable characters portrayed in the stories had an interesting private and familiar home life that was not wholly confined to the formal historical happenings of the time. Grandfather, the children, and the adventures of the chair are fictitious, but the events are historical. The reader will note the spirit of fairness which prompts the author to present the views of both sides in these earlier struggles which led up to the Revolutionary War.

I

"CHARLEY, my boy," said Grandfather, "do you remember who was the last occupant of the chair?"

"It was Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson," answered Charley. "Sir Francis Bernard, the new governor, had given him the chair instead of putting it away in the garret of the Province house. And when we took leave of Hutchinson he was sitting by his fireside and thinking of the past adventures of the chair and of what was to come."

"Very well," said Grandfather, "and you recollect

that this was in 1763 or thereabouts, at the close of the Old French War. Now, that you may fully comprehend the remaining adventures of the chair, I must make some brief remarks on the situation and character of the New England colonies at this period."

So Grandfather spoke of the earnest loyalty of our fathers during the Old French War and after the conquest of Canada had brought that war to a triumphant close.

The people loved and reverenced the king of England even more than if the ocean had not rolled its waves between him and them, for at the distance of three thousand miles they could not discover his bad qualities and imperfections. Their love was increased by the dangers which they had encountered in order to heighten his glory and extend his dominion. Throughout the war the American colonists had fought side by side with the soldiers of Old England, and nearly thirty thousand young men had laid down their lives for the honor of King George. And the survivors loved him the better because they had done and suffered so much for his sake.

But there were some circumstances that caused America to feel more independent of England than at an earlier period. Canada and Acadia had now become British provinces, and our fathers were no longer afraid of the bands of French and Indians who used to assault them in old times. For a century and a half this had been the great terror of New England. Now

the old French soldier was driven from the north forever. And even had it been otherwise, the English colonies were growing so populous and powerful that they might have felt fully able to protect themselves without any help from England.

There were thoughtful and sagacious men who began to doubt whether a great country like America would always be content to remain under the government of an island three thousand miles away. This was the more doubtful because the English Parliament had long ago made laws which were intended to be very beneficial to England at the expense of America. By these laws the colonists were forbidden to manufacture articles for their own use or to carry on trade with any nation but the English.

"Now," continued Grandfather, "if King George III and his counselors had considered these things wisely, they would have taken another course than they did. But when they saw how rich and populous the colonies had grown, their first thought was how they might make more profit out of them than heretofore. England was enormously in debt at the close of the Old French War, and it was pretended that this debt had been contracted for the defence of the American colonies, and that therefore a part of it ought to be paid by them."

"Why, this was nonsense!" exclaimed Charley. "Did not our fathers spend their lives, and their money, too, to get Canada for King George?"

"True, they did," said Grandfather, "and they told the English rulers so. But the king and his ministers would not listen to good advice. In 1765 the British Parliament passed a stamp act."

"What was that?" inquired Charley.

"The stamp act," replied Grandfather, "was a law by which all deeds, bonds, and other papers of the same kind were ordered to be marked with the king's stamp, and without this mark they were declared illegal and void. Now, in order to get a blank sheet of paper with the king's stamp upon it, people were obliged to pay threepence more than the actual value of the paper. And this extra sum of threepence was a tax and was to be paid into the king's treasury."

"I am sure threepence was not worth quarreling about!" remarked Clara.

"It was not for threepence, nor for any amount of money that America quarreled with England," replied Grandfather, "it was for a great principle. The colonists were determined not to be taxed except by their own representatives. They said that neither the king and Parliament nor any other power on earth had a right to take their money out of their pockets unless they freely gave it. And, rather than pay threepence when it was unjustly demanded, they resolved to sacrifice all the wealth of the country, and their lives along with it. They therefore made a most stubborn resistance to the stamp act."

"That was noble!" exclaimed Laurence. "I un-

derstand how it was. If they had quietly paid the tax of threepence, they would have ceased to be freemen and would have become tributaries of England. And so they contended about a great question of right and wrong, and put everything at stake for it."

"You are right, Laurence," said Grandfather, "and it was really amazing and terrible to see what a change came over the aspect of the people the moment the English Parliament had passed this oppressive act. The former history of our chair, my children, has given you some idea of what a harsh, unyielding, stern set of men the old Puritans were. For a good many years back, however, it had seemed as if these characteristics were disappearing. But no sooner did England offer wrong to the colonies than the descendants of the early settlers proved that they had the same kind of temper as their forefathers. The moment before New England appeared like a humble and loyal subject of the Crown; the next instant she showed the grim, dark features of an old king-resisting Puritan."

Grandfather spoke briefly of the public measures that were taken in opposition to the stamp act. As this law affected all the American colonies alike, it naturally led them to think of consulting together in order to procure its repeal. For this purpose the legislature of Massachusetts proposed that delegates from every colony should meet in congress. Accordingly, nine colonies, both Northern and Southern, sent delegates to the city of New York.

"And did they consult about going to war with England?" asked Charley.

"No, Charley," answered Grandfather; "a great deal of talking was yet to be done before England and America could come to blows. The Congress stated the rights and grievances of the colonists. They sent a humble petition to the king and a memorial to the Parliament beseeching that the stamp act might be repealed. This was all that the delegates had in it their power to do."

"They might as well have stayed at home, then," said Charley.

"By no means," replied Grandfather. "It was a most important and memorable event, this first coming together of the American people by their representatives from the North and South. If England had been wise, she would have trembled at the first word that was spoken in such an assembly."

These remonstrances and petitions, as Grandfather observed, were the work of grave, thoughtful, and prudent men. Meantime the young and hot-headed people went to work in their own way. It is probable that the petitions of Congress would have had little or no effect on the British statesmen if the violent deeds of the American people had not shown how much excited the people were. Liberty Tree was soon heard of in England."

"What was Liberty Tree?" inquired Clara.

"It was an old elm tree," answered Grandfather,

"which stood near the corner of Essex street, opposite the Boylston Market. Under the spreading branches of this great tree the people used to assemble whenever they wished to express their feelings and opinions. Thus, after a while it seemed as if the liberty of the country was connected with Liberty Tree."

"It was glorious fruit for a tree to bear," remarked Laurence.

"It bore strange fruit sometimes," said Grandfather. "One morning in August, 1765, two figures were found hanging on the sturdy branches of Liberty Tree. They were dressed in square-skirted coats and small clothes, and as their wigs hung down over their faces they looked like real men. One was intended to represent the Earl of Bute, who was supposed to have advised the king to tax America. The other was meant for the effigy of Andrew Oliver, a gentleman belonging to one of the most respectable families in Massachusetts."

"What harm had he done?" inquired Charley.

"The king had appointed him to be distributor of the stamps," answered Grandfather. "Mr. Oliver would have made a great deal of money by this business; but the people frightened him so much by hanging him in effigy, and afterward by breaking into his house, that he promised to have nothing to do with the stamps. And all the king's friends throughout America were compelled to make the same promise."

II

The next evening the astral lamp was lighted earlier than usual, because Laurence was very much engaged in looking over the collection of portraits which had been his New Year's gift from Grandfather.

Among them he found the features of more than one famous personage who had been connected with the adventures of our old chair. Grandfather bade him draw the table nearer to the fireside, and they looked over the portraits together, while Clara and Charley likewise lent their attention. As for little Alice, she sat in Grandfather's lap, and seemed to see the very men alive whose faces were there represented.

Turning over the volume, Laurence came to the portrait of a stern, grim-looking man in plain attire, of much more modern fashion than that of the old Puritans. But the face might well have befitted one of those iron-hearted men. Beneath the portrait was the name of Samuel Adams.

"He was a man of great note in all the doings that brought about the Revolution," said Grandfather. "His character was such that it seemed as if one of the ancient Puritans had been sent back to earth to animate the people's hearts with the same abhorrence of tyranny that had distinguished the earliest settlers. He was as religious as they, as stern and inflexible, and as deeply imbued with democratic principles. He, better than any one else, may be taken as a representative of the people of New England, and of the spirit

Alice Sat in Her Grandfather's Lap and Seemed to See the Very Men Alive

with which they engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. He was a poor man, and earned his bread by a humble occupation, but with his tongue and pen he made the king of England tremble on his throne. Remember him, my children, as one of the strong men of our country."

"Here is one whose looks show a very different character," observed Laurence, turning to the portrait of John Hancock. "I should think, by his splendid dress and courtly aspect, that he was one of the king's friends."

"There never was a greater contrast than between Samuel Adams and John Hancock," said Grandfather, "yet they were of the same side in politics, and had an equal agency in the Revolution. Hancock was born to the inheritance of the largest fortune in New England. His tastes and habits were aristocratic. He loved gorgeous attire, a splendid mansion, magnificent furniture, stately festivals, and all that was glittering and pompous in external things. His manners were so polished that there stood not a nobleman at the footstool of King George's throne who was a more skilful courtier than John Hancock might have been. Nevertheless, he in his embroidered clothes and Samuel Adams in his threadbare coat wrought together in the cause of liberty. Adams acted from pure and rigid principle. Hancock, though he loved his country, yet thought quite as much of his own popularity as he did of the people's rights. It is remarkable that these two

men, so very different as I describe them, were the only two exempted from pardon by the king's proclamation."

On the next leaf of the book was the portrait of General Joseph Warren. Charley recognized the name, and said that here was a greater man than either Hancock or Adams.

"Warren was an eloquent and able patriot," replied Grandfather. "He deserves a lasting memory for his zealous efforts in behalf of liberty. No man's voice was more powerful in Faneuil Hall than Joseph Warren's. If his death had not happened so early in the contest, he would probably have gained a high name as a soldier."

The next portrait was a venerable man who held his thumb under his chin, and through his spectacles appeared to be attentively reading a manuscript.

"Here we see the most illustrious Boston boy that ever lived," said Grandfather. "This is Benjamin Franklin. But I will not try to compress into a few sentences the character of the sage who, as a Frenchman expressed it, snatched the lightning from the sky and the scepter from a tyrant."

The book likewise contained portraits of James Otis and Josiah Quincy. Both of them, Grandfather observed, were men of wonderful talents and true patriotism. Their voices were like the stirring tones of a trumpet arousing the country to defend its freedom. Heaven seemed to have provided a greater number of

eloquent men than had appeared at any other period, in order that the people might be fully instructed as to their wrongs and the method of resistance.

"It is marvelous," said Grandfather, "to see how many powerful writers, orators, and soldiers started up just at the time when they were wanted. There was a man for every kind of work. It is equally wonderful that men of such different characters were all made to unite in the one object of establishing the freedom and independence of America. There was an overruling Providence above them."

"Here was another great man," remarked Laurence, pointing to the portrait of John Adams.

"Yes; an earnest, warm-tempered, honest, and most able man," said Grandfather. "At the period of which we are now speaking he was a lawyer in Boston. He was destined in after years to be ruler over the whole American people, whom he contributed so much to form into a nation."

Grandfather here remarked that many a New Englander who had passed his boyhood and youth in obscurity afterward attained to a fortune which he never could have foreseen even in his most ambitious dreams. John Adams, the second President of the United States and the equal of crowned kings, was once a schoolmaster and a country lawyer. Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, served his apprenticeship with a merchant. Samuel Adams, afterward governor of Massachusetts, was a small trades-

man and a tax-gatherer. General Warren was a physician, General Lincoln a farmer, and General Knox a bookbinder. General Nathanael Greene, the best soldier except Washington in the Revolutionary Army, was a Quaker and a blacksmith. All these became illustrious men, and can never be forgotten in American history.

"And any boy who is born in America may look forward to the same things," said our ambitious friend Charley.

After these observations Grandfather drew the book of portraits toward him, showed the children several British peers and members of Parliament who had exerted themselves either for or against the rights of America. There were the Earl of Bute, Mr. Grenville, and Lord North. These were looked upon as deadly enemies to our country.

Among the friends of America was Mr. Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, who spent so much of his wondrous eloquence in endeavoring to warn England of the consequences of her injustice. He fell down on the floor of the House of Lords after uttering his almost dying words in defense of our privileges as freemen. There was Edmund Burke, one of the wisest men and greatest orators that ever the world produced. There was Colonel Barré, who had been among our fathers, and knew that they had courage enough to die for their rights. There was Charles James Fox, who never rested until he had silenced our enemies in the House of Commons.

"It is very remarkable to observe how many of the ablest orators in the British Parliament were favorable to America," said Grandfather. "We ought to remember these great Englishmen with gratitude, for their speeches encouraged our fathers almost as much as those of our own orators in Faneuil Hall and under Liberty Tree. Opinions which might have been received with doubt if expressed only by a native American were set down as true beyond dispute when they came from the lips of Chatham, Burke, Barré, or Fox."

"But, Grandfather," asked Laurence, "were there no able and eloquent men in this country who took the part of King George?"

"There were many men of talent who said what they could in defense of the king's tyrannical proceedings," replied Grandfather, "but they had the worst side of the argument, and, therefore, seldom said anything worth remembering. Moreover, their hearts were faint and feeble, for they felt that the people scorned and detested them. They had no friends, no defense, except in the bayonets of the British troops. A blight fell upon all their faculties, because they were contending against the rights of their own native land."

"What were the names of some of them?" inquired Charley.

"Governor Hutchinson, Chief Justice Oliver, Judge Auchmuty, the Reverend Mather Byles, and several other clergymen were among the most noted loyalists," answered Grandfather.

"I wish the people had tarred and feathered every man of them!" cried Charley.

"That wish is very wrong, Charley," said Grandfather. "You must not think that there was no integrity and honor except among those who stood up for the freedom of America. For aught I know, there was quite as much of these qualities on one side as on the other. Do you see nothing admirable in a faithful adherence to an unpopular cause? Can you not respect that principle of loyalty which made the royalists give up country, friends, fortune, everything, rather than be false to their king? It was a mistaken principle, but many of them cherished it honorably and were martyrs to it."

"Oh, I was wrong," said Charley, ingenuously. "And I would risk my life rather than one of those good old royalists should be tarred and feathered."

"The time is now come when we may judge fairly of them," continued Grandfather. "Be the good and true men among them honored, for they were as much our countrymen as the patriots were. And, thank Heaven! our country need not be ashamed of her sons —of most of them at least—whatever side they took in the Revolutionary contest."

Among the portraits was one of King George III. Little Alice clapped her hands and seemed pleased with the bluff good nature of his physiognomy. But Laurence thought it strange that a man with such a face, indicating hardly a common share of intellect, should have had influence enough on human affairs to

convulse the world with war. Grandfather observed that this poor king had always appeared to him one of the most unfortunate persons that ever lived. He was so honest and conscientious that if he had been only a private man his life would probably have been blameless and happy. But his was that worst of fortunes—to be placed in a station far beyond his abilities.

"And so," said Grandfather, "his life, while he retained what intellect Heaven had gifted him with, was one long mortification. At last he grew crazed with care and trouble. For nearly twenty years the monarch of England was confined as a madman. In his old age, too, God took away his eyesight, so that his royal palace was nothing to him but a dark, lonesome prison-house."

III

"Our old chair," resumed Grandfather, "did not now stand in the midst of a gay circle of British officers. The troops, as I told you, had been removed to Castle William immediately after the Boston massacre. Still however, there were many Tories, customhouse officers, and Englishmen who used to assemble in the British coffee-house and talk over the affairs of the period. Matters grew worse and worse, and in 1773 the people did a deed which incensed the king and ministry more than any of their former doings."

Grandfather here described the affair which is known by the name of the Boston Tea Party. The Americans for some time past had left off importing tea on account of

the oppressive tax. The East India Company in London had a large stock of tea on hand which they had expected to sell to the Americans, but could find no market for it. But after a while the government persuaded this company of merchants to send the tea to America.

"How odd it is," observed Clara, "that the liberties of America should have had anything to do with a cup of tea!"

Grandfather smiled and proceeded with his narrative. When the people of Boston heard that several cargoes of tea were coming across the Atlantic, they held a great many meetings at Faneuil Hall in the Old South Church, and under Liberty Tree. In the midst of their debates three ships arrived in the harbor with the tea on board. The people spent more than a fortnight in consulting what should be done. At last, on the sixteenth of December, 1773, they demanded of Governor Hutchinson that he should immediately send the ships back to England.

The governor replied that the ships must not leave the harbor until the customhouse duties upon the tea should be paid. Now, the payment of these duties was the very thing against which the people had set their faces, because it was a tax unjustly imposed upon America by the English government. Therefore, in the dusk of the evening, as soon as Governor Hutchinson's reply was received, an immense crowd hastened to Griffin's Wharf, where the tea-ships lay. The place is now called Liverpool Wharf.

"When the crowd reached the wharf," said Grand-

father, "they saw that a set of wild-looking figures were already on board of the ships. You would have imagined that the Indian warriors of old times had come back again, for they wore the Indian dress, and had their faces covered with red and black paint like the Indians when they go to war. These grim figures hoisted the tea-chests on the decks of the vessels, broke them open, and threw all the contents into the harbor."

"Grandfather," said little Alice, "I suppose Indians don't love tea, else they would never waste it so."

"They were not real Indians, my child," answered Grandfather; "they were white men in disguise, because a heavy punishment would have been inflicted on them if the king's officers had found who they were. But it was never known. From that day to this, though the matter has been talked of by all the world, nobody can tell the names of those Indian figures. Some people say that there were very famous men among them, who afterward became governors and generals. Whether this be true I cannot tell."

When tidings of this bold deed were carried to England King George was greatly enraged. Parliament immediately passed an act by which all vessels were forbidden to take in or discharge their cargoes at the port of Boston. In this way they expected to ruin all the merchants and starve the poor people by depriving them of employment. At the same time another act was passed taking away many rights and privileges which had been granted in the charter of Massachusetts.

Governor Hutchinson soon afterward was summoned to England in order that he might give his advice about the management of American affairs. General Gage, an officer of the Old French War, and since commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, was appointed governor in his stead. One of his first acts was to make Salem, instead of Boston, the metropolis of Massachusetts by summoning the general court to meet there.

According to Grandfather's description, this was the most gloomy time that Massachusetts had ever seen. The people groaned under as heavy a tyranny as in the days of Sir Edmund Andros. Boston looked as if it were afflicted with some dreadful pestilence, so sad were the inhabitants and so desolate the streets. There was no cheerful hum of business. The merchants shut up their warehouses, and the laboring men stood idle about the wharves. But all America felt interested in the good town of Boston, and contributions were raised in many places for the relief of the poor inhabitants.

"Our dear old chair!" exclaimed Clara. "How dismal it must have been now!"

"Oh," replied Grandfather, "a gay throng of officers had now come back to the British Coffee-house, so that the old chair had no lack of mirthful company. Soon after General Gage became governor a great many troops had arrived and were encamped upon the Common. Boston was now a garrisoned and fortified town, for the general had built a battery across the Neck,

on the road to Roxbury, and placed guards for its defense. Everything looked as if a civil war were close at hand."

"Did the people make ready to fight?" asked Charley.

"A Continential Congress assembled at Philadelphia," said Grandfather, "and proposed such measures as they thought most conducive to the public good. A provincial Congress was likewise chosen in Massachusetts. They exhorted the people to arm and discipline themselves. A great number of minute-men were enrolled. The Americans called them minute-men because they engaged to be ready to fight at a minute's warning. The English officers laughed and said that the name was a very proper one, because the minute-men would run away the minute they saw the enemy. Whether they would fight or run was soon to be proved."

Grandfather told the children that the first open resistance offered to the British troops in the province of Massachusetts was at Salem. Colonel Timothy Pickering, with thirty or forty militiamen, prevented the English colonel Leslie, with four times as many regular soldiers, from taking possession of some military stores. No blood was shed on this occasion, but soon afterward it began to flow.

General Gage sent eight hundred soldiers to Concord, about eighteen miles from Boston, to destroy some ammunition and provisions which the colonists had collected there. They set out on their march in

the evening of the eighteenth of April, 1775. The next morning the general sent Lord Percy with nine hundred men to strengthen the troops that had gone before. All that day the inhabitants of Boston heard various rumors. Some said that the British were making great slaughter among our countrymen. Others affirmed that every man had turned out with his musket, and that not a single soldier would ever get back to Boston.

"It was after sunset," continued Grandfather, "when the troops who had marched forth so proudly were seen entering Charlestown. They were covered with dust and so hot and weary that their tongues hung out of their mouths. Many of them were faint with wounds. They had not all returned. Nearly three hundred were strown, dead or dying, along the road from Concord. The yeomanry had risen upon the invaders and driven them back."

"Was this the battle of Lexington?" asked Charley.

"Yes," replied Grandfather; "it was so called because the British, without provocation, had fired upon a party of minute-men near Lexington meeting house and killed eight of them. That fatal volley, which was fired by order of Major Pitcairn, began the war of the Revolution."

About this time, if Grandfather had been correctly informed, our chair disappeared from the British Coffee-house. The manner of its departure cannot be satisfactorily ascertained. Perhaps the keeper of the coffee-house turned it out of doors on account of its

old-fashioned aspect. Perhaps he sold it as a curiosity. Perhaps it was taken without leave by some person who regarded it as public property because it had once figured under Liberty Tree. Or perhaps the old chair, being of a peaceable disposition, had made use of its four oaken legs and run away from the seat of war.

"It would have made a terrible clattering over the pavements," said Charley, laughing.

"Meanwhile," continued Grandfather, "during the mysterious non-appearance of our chair, an army of twenty-thousand men had started up and come to the siege of Boston. General Gage and his troops were cooped up within the narrow precincts of the peninsula. On the seventeenth of June, 1775, the famous battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Here General Warren fell. The British got the victory, indeed, but with the loss of more than a thousand officers and men."

"Oh, Grandfather," cried Charley, "you must tell us about that famous battle."

"No, Charley," said Grandfather; "I am not like other historians. Battles shall not hold a prominent place in the history of our quiet and comfortable old chair. But tomorrow evening Laurence, Clara, and yourself, and dear little Alice too, shall visit the diorama of Bunker Hill. There you shall see the whole business, the burning of Charlestown and all, with your own eyes, and hear the cannon and musketry with your own ears."

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

WASHINGTON

The Defender of his Country—the Founder of Liberty,
The Friend of Man,
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a parallel to his character.
In the annals of modern greatness
He stands alone;
And the noblest names of antiquity
Lose their lustre in his presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the qualities necessary
To an illustrious career.
Nature made him great,
He made himself virtuous.

—Author Unknown

WASHINGTON

When it came time for Congress to choose a commander-in-chief for the American Army a man who was always spoken of as "a good son" was chosen for that high position.

Perhaps many of the boys and girls who read this book will some day be chosen as leaders. Would it not be an honor far beyond the position if they were to be known as George Washington was known?

I

WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND

ONE cause of the defeat in the battle of Bunker Hill was the confusion and lack of discipline in the American forces. In fact, after the battle of Lexington every one saw that the Americans must have a commander-in-chief for their army.

When Congress, the second general Congress, met at Philadelphia, in May, 1775, it took up this important matter. John Adams had in mind a man whom he thought all would unite in choosing. He arose to propose him.

"There is," he said, "but one gentleman whom I should like to see in that position." At this Mr. Hancock was all smiles, for he, too, knew of but one gentleman whom he would like to see in that position; and he thought that Mr. Adams agreed with him.

"He is," continued Mr. Adams, "a gentleman from Virginia," here Mr. Hancock's countenance fell, "a

gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and universal character would command the approbation of all America."

Of course this was not Mr. Hancock, but George Washington.

Congress offered Washington the command, and he accepted it, refusing, however, any payment for his services, and saying that if his mere expenses could be provided for, he should be quite content.

Mr. Adams was right as to Washington's skill and experience as an officer. He had been a colonel in the French War, and his exploits had won him golden opinions. Whatever he undertook was well performed; his early work as a surveyor was so accurate that it has never had to be done over again.

An aptness for soldiering showed itself even in his childhood. When only ten years old, he used to gather his playmates in squads, drill them, parade with them, and marshal them through mock battles. There are several stories of his childhood, one of which we may, perhaps, still venture to repeat. Washington's mother owned some fine colts of which she was justly proud. One of these colts, a sorrel, no one had ever been able to tame. Washington was determined to mount him. With the help of some of his young friends, he succeeded in getting a bit into the mouth of the really wild and vicious creature, and then leaped upon his back. The sorrel ran, bolted, kicked, and tried every

The Sorrel Ran, Bolted, Kicked, and Tried Every Means of Throwing His Rider

means of throwing his rider. Finally, rearing and plunging in a last desperate effort to free himself, he fell to the ground. Washington sprang off, but the sorrel did not rise again. He was dead.

The boys looked at each other in dismay. Madam Washington was strict in the government of her household. What would she say to them? At that moment they were called in to breakfast.

"Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my colt?" was one of Madam Washington's first questions, when they were seated at the table. "My favorite, I hear, is as large as his sire."

"Your favorite, the sorrel, is dead, madam," replied Washington.

"Dead!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, how did that happen?"

"The sorrel," said Washington, "has long been considered unmanageable, and beyond the power of man to back or ride. This morning we forced a bit into his mouth. I backed him; I rode him; and in a desperate struggle for the mastery, he fell under me, and died upon the spot."

Madam Washington's cheek flushed. For a moment there was silence. Then she said, quietly, "It is well; while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth." To the end of her life his mother always spoke of him as her good son, her good boy, never as the general or the President.

Washington set off for Cambridge on the twenty-

first of June, 1775, to take command of the American Army.

He had not proceeded far when a courier from New England came riding toward him. The man carried despatches for Congress and gave Washington his first information of the battle of Bunker Hill.

"How did the militia act?" asked Washington.

"Bravely," was the reply. "They stood their ground, endured the enemy's fire, reserved their own, and then gave it with deadly effect."

Washington was satisfied. "The liberties of the country are safe," he said.

Cambridge was reached on the second of July. On the third, Washington, under the great elm near the Cambridge Common, took command of the army and reviewed the troops.

The soldiers, assembled from different sections of the country, were variously arrayed. Some wore the uniform in which they had fought, not against King George, but for him; some had donned the buff and blue; while a few of the farmers shouldered their muskets in plain homespun or brown jean.

The camp was as unmilitary in appearance as was the dress of its occupants. Homemade sail-cloth tents of different shapes and sizes dotted the Cambridge fields. Besides these there were huts of stone and of brick and sheds of boards, brush, and turf.

Greene's Rhode Island troops, alone, were well equipped. They had canvas tents like those of the Eng-

lish soldiers, and, moreover, they maintained camp discipline.

To teach camp discipline was Washington's first care. Privates and officers alike were unused to military obedience. The men had to be made to understand that they could not trudge back to their farms when the memory of their crops or a twinge of homesickness overcame them; their officers needed to learn to lay aside their jealousies and their suspicion of men from other sections.

Usually the camp was peaceful enough, but Irving gives the following amusing account of a quarrel which Washington had to settle:

"A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks.

"Their half-Indian equipments and fringed and ruffled hunting-garbs provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trousers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting.

"The parties waxed warm with the content. They closed, and came to blows. Both sides were reinforced, and in a little while, at least a thousand were at fisticuffs; and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'At this juncture,' writes our in-

formant, 'Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design, I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him, mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the *mêlée*, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length, talking to and shaking them. . . . The combatants dispersed in all directions; and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.' "

Meanwhile the months were passing, and Washington had not attempted to drive the British out of Boston. People wondered at it, and many blamed him.

Washington kept his own counsel. He would not have had the British guess the reason for his delay, but the truth was that he had not enough powder to carry him through an attack. He had been told that there were three hundred barrels of it on hand. This was a mistake. There had been three hundred; there remained only thirty.

Powder, cannon, mortars, howitzers, and a supply of lead and flints had been captured by a party of Americans who had taken possession of Ticonderoga, a fort on Lake Champlain; and Washington had sent Henry Knox thither to fetch the needed stores, but that was a difficult undertaking, and required time, for this was years before the first railroad was built, and

Knox had to find means of transport. It was not until January that he could write, "I have made forty-two exceedingly strong sleds, and have provided eighty yoke of oxen to drag them as far as Springfield, where I shall get fresh cattle to take them to camp."

It was February before the sledges arrived in Cambridge. In the meantime Washington established himself in the Craigie House, where his wife soon joined him; and they made the winter as endurable as they could by entertaining the American officers and others in the general's leisure hours. Moreover, there was plenty of work for his soldiers, for the shore and hills needed to be fortified. Under Washington's directions a line of defenses, eight or nine miles long, stretched in a broken semicircle from Winter Hill, near the Mystic River, to Dorchester Neck; and Boston, with the British army shut up in it, was held in siege.

II

THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1776

While Washington waited for ammunition the British in Boston fared badly.

Food was scarce and poor. It was "pork and beans one day, beans and pork another." Even in Gage's household fresh meat was seldom to be seen. Putnam, knowing their strait, sent General Gage's wife "a fine quarter of veal," for which he received "a very polite card of thanks."

In October Gage, "the mild general," as King

George called him, went back to England, and Howe was left in command of the forces in Boston. Howe would probably have marched out upon the Americans in Cambridge had he guessed their lack of powder. Washington's secrets, however, were not, like General Gage's, "furnished with wings," and the British remained in daily expectation of an attack.

As the winter wore on, fuel failed. Wood was ten dollars a cord, an enormous price in those days. Even at that price it was difficult to find, and the soldiers were ordered to pull down the older houses of the town to feed the fires. Governor Winthrop's house was torn to the ground, and the buttonwoods upon his land were felled. Many, indeed, were the trees laid low by British axes. Liberty Tree the Redcoats hewed down with a will. It was to them one of the arch-rebels. But they did not win over it a bloodless victory; for a soldier, while climbing out upon one of its branches, lost his footing and was killed.

For amusement, the officers gave grand balls, which the daughters of Boston Tories were glad to attend; and they also had theatrical entertainments. Burgoyne himself wrote a play which was performed in Faneuil Hall.

The Old South Church they turned into a riding school. Its pulpit was removed; many of the pews were split up for firewood, and one, a beautifully carved pew belonging to Deacon Hubbard, was used for a pigsty. The floor was spread with gravel, and a bar

was put up, four feet high, near the Milk Street door. Here the young officers practiced leaping, while spectators watched them from seats provided for them in the eastern gallery. Numbers of books and papers stored in the church were burned. It was believed for many years that the second volume of Governor Winthrop's journal had been thus destroyed; but years after it was found, safe and whole.

By the latter part of February, however, Washington was able to give the British in Boston something besides riding and dancing and acting to think of; for when Knox's eighty yoke of oxen, with their fifty cannon and other munitions of war, came plodding into the Cambridge camp, guns were mounted upon the batteries and part of the previous powder was used in hinting to the British, by means of a few cannonballs, that they could not expect to occupy Boston much longer.

Washington proceeded to force them out by fortifying Dorchester Heights. On the fourth of March a heavy cannonading from the Cambridge and Roxbury batteries was begun. The British thought that the Americans intended an immediate attack upon the town, but they were mistaken. The firing was merely a feint, and was kept up for the purpose of drowning the rumbling of a long line of heavy carts that had set out from Cambridge and were jolting through Roxbury on their way to the Twin Hills on Dorchester Heights.

Three hundred of these carts, loaded with fascines, bundles of screwed hay, and other materials for the walls of the forts, were sent from Cambridge. In front of them marched General Thomas with twelve hundred armed men, and eight hundred more who carried intrenching tools. They proceeded across the bridge over the Charles, and around by Dorchester Neck to the double summit, the high land near the eastern end of the peninsula. There the workers divided; half took one, half the other, crest.

All night they built and dug, as had Prescott's men at Bunker Hill, and at daybreak the astonished British saw two fortresses upon the Heights.

Howe, looking at them with amazement, exclaimed, "The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have accomplished in a month!"

British cannon from the Boston forts now opened fire upon the works. The balls, crashing and bounding about the walls, were scarcely heeded by the men, eagerly building on.

Washington rode anxiously about, reminding the troops of the date, the fifth of March. He had chosen his time, knowing that his soldiers would be inspired to greater exertions by the memories awakened by that day. Everywhere he was answered by patriotic cheers.

He had expected the British to attack the Heights at once, and Putnam was waiting in Cambridge, hoping to cross the Charles and carry Boston in the absence of part of the British garrison.

Betsy Ross and Washington

© J. L. G. Ferris, Phila.

Howe decided, however, to make a night attack. All day long the British could be seen hurrying hither and thither about the streets, but not until late in the afternoon did they leave the wharves. Toward nightfall a portion of them entered the boats and rowed to Castle William, to be joined by the soldiers there in the assault.

But with the night came a furious storm of wind and rain. The surf was high, and the boats and transports which put off from Castle Island could not land on the main shore. The storm continued through the following day. By the time it had ceased the American works were too strong to be successfully assailed. Howe and Percy gave up all hope of being able to overcome them, and began to consider how they could get out of Boston with the least damage to their men and to their pride.

The Tories of the town were informed that if the British troops were allowed to leave in peace, they would refrain from injuring any property; but that if the American army threatened them with attack or pursuit, Boston should be given to the flames.

The inhabitants, therefore, prepared a paper, stating the case, and sent it under a flag of truce to the American lines. This paper was carried to Washington at Cambridge; but as it bore no address, Washington would not return any formal answer. He did order the firing to cease, however, and the British, understanding that they were not to be harassed, slowly began to make ready for departure.

Still the days went by, and they did not go; so on the sixteenth of March Washington erected a fortification on Nook's Hill, whence his guns could, if necessary, thoroughly rake the town.

Then there was haste indeed. On the seventeenth the harbor was crowded with vessels. Transports and men-of-war lay waiting for the signal to be off; little boats pulled out to them from the wharves, bearing their loads of scarlet-coated soldiers; sailing vessels of all sorts, bearing the families of men who had sided with the king, hovered anxiously about, ready to follow the rest.

Down from the hill in Charlestown marched the British guard; but the redoubt for which they had fought so hard was not wholly emptied. A number of faithful sentinels still stood with shouldered muskets within the earthen walls.

Surprised that any should linger while their comrades pushed out into the stream, a party of Americans, partly suspecting a trick, cautiously approached the place. The sentinels did not move; they were simply men of straw.

Great was the rejoicing of the American Army when the last Redcoat vanished from Boston and the last British sail passed the Castle. Patriot troops flocked in over Roxbury Neck. Everywhere they saw signs of the long and hostile occupation. The streets were strewn with crows' feet—sharp iron prongs—to prevent pursuit; the public buildings were defaced, and

many of the dwellings ruined. Samuel Adams' house, especially, had suffered. He never lived in it again.

The country now rang with praises of Washington. Congress passed a unanimous vote of thanks, and ordered a large gold medal to be made for him in commemoration of the evacuation of Boston.

As for the British troops, they sailed first to Halifax, and then to New York, to continue there the war that was only begun in Massachusetts, the War of the Revolution.

On the fourth of July of that year, 1776, independence was declared. It was then that the colonies began to call themselves states and that Massachusetts took her stand as a commonwealth. Long live the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

"From Colony to Commonwealth," by Nina Moore Tiffany

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PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the sea?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd—
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

—Walt Whitman

DAVID CROCKETT, DEFENDER OF THE ALAMO

If you like adventure stories you surely will enjoy this story of old Davy Crockett and his trusty rifle "Betsy."

In 1834 Davy, having heard of the discontent in Texas, made up his mind to go there and help to free it from Mexican rule. On the steamboat bound for Natchitoches, Louisiana, Davy persuaded a gambler, who had become discontented with his way of living, to cut aloof from his degrading habits and go with him to defend the Alamo. The gambler is the Thimblerig of the story.

THE next morning, after an early walk along the lowlands of the river, which were said to produce each year forty bushels of frogs to the acre, with alligators enough for fences, Davy was standing in front of the village inn, when he heard a clear and musical voice break into song. Drawing near to the singer, he saw him to be a young man of about twenty-two, of light and graceful figure, indicating strength and activity. He was dressed in a hunting shirt, tastily ornamented with fringe. A highly finished rifle was in his hand, and a hunting pouch, covered with Indian ornaments, was slung across his shoulders. His clean shirt collar was open, secured only by a black riband around his neck. The young man's face was a handsome, bright, and manly one. From his eyes to his breast he was sunburnt as dark as mahogany, while the upper part of his high forehead was as white and as polished as marble. Thick clusters of curly hair showed under his cap.

When the young man saw Davy, he called him by name, and said that he had come to meet him, for the purpose of going with him to Texas. He was a bee-hunter, and knew the trails that the Spanish had dignified with the name of roads. As soon as they could get a horse for Thimblerig, the three men started for Nacogdoches, in Texas, where the first troubles had begun. The Bee-Hunter proved a cheerful companion and an experienced guide, and after a journey of one hundred and twenty miles they came in sight of Nacogdoches, then a straggling settlement of one thousand people. From afar they saw the tri-color, two-starred flag of Texas and Coahuila, at the top of a high pole, and when nearer heard the sound of fife and drum, in honor of Crockett's arrival. The day was spent in hearing the news, procuring supplies, and writing letters, and at a late hour they were ready for an early start for San Antonio, two hundred miles distant.

What they had heard was enough to stir their blood. The capture of General Cos and his Mexicans by General Burleson, the surrender of the Alamo, and the clearing from Texas soil of the last Mexican soldier, presaged an easy road to Texan freedom. But the danger of an invasion by another and larger Mexican army was not unlikely.

Before going to bed Crockett surprised Thimblerig, busy with his thimbles and the elusive pea, in the midst of a dozen men. At the sight of his new friend, the crestfallen gambler hustled his apparatus out of sight.

The next morning Davy found the Bee-Hunter in the little parlor of the inn, talking with a girl of about eighteen. Davy says she was as lovely as the wild-flowers of the prairie, and when she courtesied to Davy, and looked farewell into her lover's face, the old scout and hunter turned away with tears in his eyes. A gourd for water, a pocket Bible, and some other little tokens of her thoughtfulness and love, she gave to the handsome recruit and he was ready to go.

In front of the inn Crockett made a short speech before mounting his little mustang. Standing with head uncovered, he said at last:

"I will die, if I must, with my 'Betsy' in my arms. No! I will not die! I'll grin down the walls of the Alamo, and we'll lick up the Mexicans like fine salt!"

The Bee-Hunter then came out, followed by the weeping girl. He said good-by to his friends who surrounded him, took Kate, his sweetheart, to his heart, kissed her farewell, and leaped upon his horse. As he rode away he sang in a clear, exultant voice, as if to cheer his listeners:

"Saddled and bridled and booted rode he—
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee."

A soft and tremulous strain, like an echo of his song, came to their ears from Kate's dear lips, as if in prophecy:

"But hame cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see;
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he!"

The three men travelled steadily through great forests of hardwood, with occasional canebrakes along the many streams. They saw much game, but dared not do any hunting, for fear of losing their way. On the second day the Trinity River was reached, seventy miles southwest, near where the town of Crockett stands. The next night they took shelter from a "norther" in the miserable cabin of a poor white woman, who generously gave them part of her scanty store. Here they found two recruits.

"While we were securing our horses for the night," the story runs, "we saw two men approaching on foot. They were both armed with rifles and hunting knives, and I must say they were about the roughest samples I had ever seen. One was a man about fifty years old, tall and raw-boned. He was dressed in a sailor's round jacket, with a tarpaulin hat on his head. His whiskers nearly covered his face, and there was a deep scar across his forehead. His companion, considerably younger, was bareheaded, and clad in a deerskin dress made after our fashion. Though he was not much darker than the old man, I perceived that he was an Indian."

These men were on the way to the front, and they agreed to accompany Davy's little party. The Indian surprised them by producing a brace of rabbits from his bag, and a good supper was soon prepared, consisting of fried bacon and rabbit, with onions. Thimblerig, for some unaccountable reason, objected to eating with the bewhiskered party, who had been, so the

Bee-Hunter said, at one time a pirate. Overhearing some of his talk to this effect, the old salt fixed his eye on Thimblerig, drew his long hunting knife from his sheath, and placed it by his own plate, saying, "Stranger, I think you had better take a seat and have some supper." The gambler looked at the Pirate, then at the knife, and his scruples were put aside.

The next day they saw a large drove of buffalo, and the whole party, with the exception of the Pirate, followed them. At the end of two hours Davy found himself alone on the prairies, his tiny mustang nearly dead with exhaustion, and himself little better off. Too tired to think of going on, Davy prepared to camp near a stream where a fallen tree offered shelter from the wind. As he was inspecting the place, he saw a great mountain lion about to spring upon him. A shot from "Betsy" failed to settle the creature, and it was only after a desperate fight that Davy succeeded in killing the savage animal with his hunting knife. By this time he wanted sleep, and it was just before the first streak of dawn that he awoke, stiff with cold and sore from the clawing he had received from the lion, that now lay near him upon the ground. The night was clear and the stars bright, and over in the east was the magnificent spectacle of Halley's comet, sweeping the skies for thirty degrees with its luminous train—a grand forerunner of the great events to follow.

As the day came on, Davy shot a wild goose upon the little river, and made a hearty breakfast. He was

now without his mustang, as the cunning creature, after feigning more fatigue than it felt, had left him in the lurch. As he plodded along, hoping that the stream would lead him to some trail, there came all at once in sight a party of about fifty Comanches, with lances that glittered in the sunlight. They came like a whirlwind until almost upon him, and then, dividing to each side as if by magic, surrounded him. Davy knew enough Spanish to rejoice when the chief used the words, "*Mucho amigo, mucho amigo*," and showed a friendly countenance. When he saw the cougar that Davy had killed with his knife, he was eager to adopt the hunter into the tribe, and when the scout declined the honor, the chief insisted on escorting him as far as the place where the San Antonio trail crossed the Colorado. They reached this the second day, and just before they came to the river a thin spiral of smoke was seen through the trees. Riding ahead with the chief, Davy saw Thimblerig, practicing his old game upon the crown of his great white hat. As the whole party swooped down on him with yells enough to scare the bravest, the gambler was only saved from dropping dead by the sight of Davy's face. By the gift of a Bowie knife Davy procured fresh horses from the Indians; and after a powwow and a smoke, the Comanches left them, and he again took up the journey to San Antonio with his single companion.

Within twenty-four hours they fell in with the Bee-Hunter, the Pirate. and the Indian, making a party of

five. When about twenty miles from San Antonio they were met by a number of mounted Mexicans. Shots were exchanged, whereupon the Mexicans disappeared in a cloud of dust. As the scouts entered San Antonio, they saw with delight the Texan flag upon the Alamo. General Cos, Santa Anna's brother-in-law, had surrendered the old chapel-fortress, with its four-foot walls, after losing three hundred men. He had signed a parole, and his seventeen hundred Mexican soldiers were prisoners, disarmed, and on their way across the Rio Grande. As Crockett and his companions rode up to the Alamo and made themselves known, the gates were opened, and they entered amid the cheers of the victorious garrison.

For several weeks there was a state of doubt as to the intentions of Santa Anna. Davy was kept busy writing to his friends regarding supplies and future plans. The Bee-Hunter, the Pirate, the Indian, and Thimblerig recognized him as their leader, and kept ready to answer his call.

It is not possible here to repeat the history of San Antonio de Bejar. As the site of crumbling monuments of early American history, it has no rival. The Alamo, last remnant of the Mission that was at one time at San Ildefonso, near Santa Fé, is the restored chapel of its Brotherhood. Its massive walls are the same that have met the many shocks of battle for two hundred years. There the wild Apaches and Comanches found a stronghold to check their ravages, and there the equally savage men of fairer skins slaughtered each

other with grim delight. When the Missions of the Concepcion, of San José, of San Juan, of San Francis of the Sword, now crumbling to inevitable decay, shall be only mounds in the midst of stunted trees and matted vines, when the exquisite carvings of their broad façades shall have turned to dust again, the traveller will stand before the Alamo with reverence, and enter, with uncovered head, the dim recesses of this altar-place of liberty.

When Davy Crockett and his recruit first saw its walls, the spirit of revenge was rife. The butchery at Tampico of thirty American adventurers, captured in the schooner *Mary Jane,* in spite of the one hundred thousand dollar ransom offered, and the murder of Governor Salcedo, two other Mexican governors, and a dozen officers and hidalgos, by Gutierrez and Delgado, Mexican rebels who were allied with a force of Americans camped about the Alamo, had wrought the racial hatred to a frenzy. Every man longed for battle, and the extinction of the last vestige of the power of the enemy. When news came that Santa Anna and four thousand Mexicans were on the way, the cowards faded from sight, knowing that war was to be under the Red Flag, and without quarter.

On the morning of Washington's Birthday, 1836, Davy and the Bee-Hunter, with a dozen of the roughest riders that ever fought Apaches on the plains, sat their saddles upon a mesquite-covered hill a few miles south of the twin towers of the mission de La Concepcion, watching a blur of dust that lay upon the hills. Sud-

denly there flashed upon their sight the glitter of bayonets, and of silver eagles perched above waving flags. As they stood intent, the roll of drums came to their ears, and over the winding river rang the bugle calls of the hurrying hosts. Santa Anna was within twenty miles of the Alamo, and the Americans' horses were put to their utmost speed as they raced towards the town with the long-expected tidings.

As the scouting party clattered through the crooked streets, hundreds of the inhabitants followed to hear the news they brought. At the gates of the fortress were Bowie, Travis, and more than one hundred and fifty others whose names are on the roll of "the Battle Dead." Every preparation had been made for the struggle, but both ammunition and food were scarce. Their hopes were placed upon the expected relief by the forces under command of Colonel Fannin at Goliad.

In the bright morning light every man stood with uncovered head as the flag bearing one great star with the name "TEXAS" between its points went bravely to the top of the garrison staff. As its colors rippled in beauty overhead, the voice of the Bee-Hunter broke into song, thrilling with new courage the souls of the devoted band:

"Up with your banner, Freedom!
Thy champions cling to thee!
They follow where you lead them—
To death or victory.
Through all the smoke and flame of war
Forever shines the Single Star!"

During the afternoon of this day, or perhaps after dark, the Pirate, the Indian Hunter, and two others volunteered to carry an urgent appeal to Fannin, who was supposed to be about one hundred miles away. They had scarcely made their way out of the fort when thirty men from Gonzales came in, tired and dusty, after eluding the rapidly concentrating forces of Santa Anna.

There were now in the garrison one hundred and eighty-seven men and a few women and children, among them the wife of Lieutenant Dickinson. When Davy and his party arrived with the news of Santa Anna's approach, there was not a man who could not have escaped; yet when Travis asked who would stand by him to the last, only one man turned away. His name is known, but it has been borne by braver men, so let us judge him with what leniency we may. The others awaited the supreme hour of battle with a courage that can only animate the defenders of their faith in a righteous cause.

On the twenty-fourth, having invested the fortress, the Mexicans planted a battery near the San Antonio River, three hundred fifty yards away, and began a cannonade. Occasionally a bit of the parapet would be clipped, but most of the shots were stopped by the thick adobe walls. The riflemen in the fort now began their deadly work, and one by one the gunners fell beside their pieces. At one of the batteries, placed where it commanded the gates of the Alamo, a score of Mexicans

lay dead and dying before the position was abandoned. The Americans wasted little powder in working the fourteen small cannon about the fort. The scanty supply could be used to better advantage in their long rifles. The Mexicans fired continually from behind every house and tree, and it was dangerous to be seen above the walls.

During the afternoon of the twenty-fourth Thimblerig was struck by a three-ounce leaden ball, after it had glanced from the parapet. It was a painful but not dangerous wound, and Davy dressed it as best he could. When he advised Thimblerig to keep the missile as a souvenir, the latter said that he hoped to be shot again if he did. He proceeded to cut it up into slugs, wherewith to pay his debts to the enemy.

Before daylight of the twenty-fifth two more batteries were planted about the Alamo, and the situation grew serious. In spite of the deadly aim with which the defenders killed or wounded the men who served the pieces, their places were immediately filled by others, for there were thousands at Santa Anna's command. During the twenty-fifth Thimblerig is said to have paid his debts, with interest, by dropping four Mexicans with the slugs he had made from the bullet which had struck him.

On the twenty-sixth Colonel Bowie fell ill with typhoid, and was unable to leave his bed. He is said to have been badly injured from a fall just before this, but even in his delirium he seems to have had no thought but to direct and cheer the smoke-grimed

garrison. The Bee-Hunter kept every one in good heart with his jests and songs and his unfailing spirits. If he thought of Kate, so far away, he gave no sign. During the afternoon he led a sortie from the rear stockade about the fort, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water. Before they could return they were seen by some of General Sesma's men, and a running fight followed. The Bible in the Bee-Hunter's pocket, which had been Kate's last gift, was struck by a bullet, but it glanced away without harming him. As he fell asleep Davy heard the girl's name upon his lips.

The appeal to the inhabitants of San Antonio for assistance, issued by Travis upon the twenty-fourth, had not brought any volunteers, but food and other supplies were promised. To obtain these it was necessary to send out picked men after dark, and considerable forage and grain was brought in during the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth. There took place among the enemy about this time certain movements that might have been caused by the approach of Colonel Fannin's command. For a while the slightest hope was enough to raise the spirits of the garrison. Every day gained made the possibility of relief seem more probable. But as night after night fell about the city, with the enemy's lines drawing ever closer, it was hard to fight with a cheerful faith.

On the fourth of March, when the sun was low, a man was seen to the westward of the fort, running towards the gate of the stockade, and pursued by several Mex-

icans. He was almost at once recognized as the Pirate, who had been one of the men sent in search of relief from Goliad. Crockett, Thimblerig, and the Indian were the first to rush to his aid. As they opened the gate of the stockade a dozen men followed them, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight took place. Another sortie was made from the stockade, and with the help of the men in this party, they were able at last to repulse the enemy. Eight Mexicans were killed, but the Americans had also fared badly. The Pirate and the Bee-Hunter were mortally wounded, and Davy had a terrible sabre-cut across his forehead.

The old Pirate died without a word, just as they entered the gate. His story was never known. Davy saw the young Bee-Hunter laid carefully in his bed, and helped to dress the wound in his side. Until midnight he lay without signs of the pain he endured, and then he called for Colonel Crockett. Davy asked if there was anything he could do for him. He shook his head with a sigh that was like a sob. "Poor Kate! Poor Kate!" he exclaimed. "Her words were only too true." For a moment he was silent, and then in a low, clear voice he sang the last words he had heard from her lips:

"But hame cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see;
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he!"

He spoke no more, and a few minutes afterwards breathed his last.

In the morning light of the fifth of March the Red Flag fluttered in silence above the old San Fernando church. No quarter was to be expected, and there was little hope of relief, but there was still a chance to escape. Travis again asked if there were any who wished to go, but not a man showed the white feather. Every possible preparation was made for the expected assault. During the afternoon a Comanche arrow was sent into the fort by some friendly person in the city, with a copy of the following proclamation attached. This proclamation had just been issued to the army, and is a matter of record.

The order began by listing the battalions which would compose the reserve. They were to be commanded by the General-in-Chief (Santa Anna) in person, but the forces were to be organized by Colonel Don Agustin Amat.

Explicit directions were given for the arming and equipping of the men. Those in the attacking column who were to move at midnight were commanded to "retire to rest at sundown."

The men not well drilled were to remain at their quarters.

The arms, particularly the bayonets, were to be put into the best condition.

When the moon rose the riflemen were to retire to their quarters to put their equipment in order.

The cavalry were to saddle at three o'clock in the morning, and were to prevent the escape of any of the enemy and were to watch the camp.

The proclamation closed with an appeal to the patriotism of the men and was signed "By command: Juan Valentine Amador."

It was radiant springtime when Davy leaned upon his rifle and looked across the Texas plains and over the hills that rose to the north and east of the valley. He had read the grim orders for the expected assault as he might have read an unimportant order of the day. No comments had been heard as the proclamation passed from hand to hand. On the walls of the Alamo and the tops of the flanking stockades were fourteen guns loaded with grape and slugs, ready to be fired at a moment's notice. Every man was supplied with bullets and a full powder-horn.

Some of the garrison were Mexicans, fighting for the common cause. These were armed with rifles carrying bayonets. They were not marksmen or experts in rapid firing, but they knew their fate if defeated, and were relied upon to resist to the last.

A hush fell over all the land as the sun went down, touching with tender beauty the early verdure of the plains. In the cottonwoods finches sung their vesper songs, and the redbirds piped their plaintive calls. The melody of the thrushes came from the willows along the river's banks, so sweet and far-away that Davy seemed to stand once more by the winding current of the Obion. The odor of cedar was in the air as the people of the city prepared their evening meals over fires of the fragrant wood. The softened tones of

the vesper bells came from the Mission towers, full of an infinite peace and calm, and the day merged into night, and the stars came out, and the birds were still. So ended the fifth of March at San Antonio de Bejar.

The fitful sleep of the garrison came to an end when word was passed around that activity had begun in the camp of the Mexicans. The sound of horses' feet was heard as the men of Sesma's cavalry command turned out for service at three o'clock, before the first sign of day appeared. By four o'clock the tramp of moving hosts had ceased, and in the bright moonlight the glitter of bayonets showed that the forces that were to make the assault had taken the positions assigned them. Every American took his place upon the walls of fort or stockade, and saw that the priming of his gun or rifle was renewed.

As the first glimmer of dawn came out of the east, the fateful winding of a bugle broke the stillness of the Sabbath morn. Voices were faintly heard in stern command, and then, like the sweep of a tidal wave, mingled with the earthquake's sullen roar, the unleashed hosts of Santa Anna swarmed against the massive walls of the Alamo. When near the fort they were met by a storm of grape and slugs and the bullets of the riflemen. Two thousand five hundred Mexicans took part in the first attack, advancing in three columns against the eastern, western, and northern sides, but they recoiled in confusion before the withering fire. Colonel Duque was killed as he approached the north-

Bowie Was Lying in an Almost Helpless Condition in an Upper Room of the Barracks

ern wall, and his men were thrown into terrified confusion. Upon the other sides of the fortress the attack was at first repelled; but behind the shrinking men who faced the first fire came the forces in reserve, until they outnumbered the defenders fifteen to one, and at last they reached the walls. Finding it impossible to scale them, the whole assault was directed against the stockade upon the northern side. Here the walls were comparatively low, and the ladders could be used. In the meantime the men within were loading and firing with desperate energy. The slaughter was terrible, and two or three hundred Mexicans had fallen before the partial shelter of the walls was gained. Here they were safe from the fire of the cannon overhead, but at so close a range almost every bullet found a victim. Only the knowledge that others were hurrying to their support kept them from fleeing for their lives.

Travis had been killed at the northwestern angle of the parapet, while working one of the cannon defending a small breach that had been made. After repeated attempts, General Amador succeeded in scaling the walls at this point, and a swarm of Mexicans followed him. Under Morales and Miñon, the outer defenses of the stockades had been occupied, the cannon captured, and the defenders forced to retire to the main part of the Alamo and the long barracks attached. The Texans soon fired their last shots, then swung their clubbed rifles against the mobs that pressed upon them with bayonet and sword. As these drove the

Americans against the walls, their keen-edged knives were drawn for a moment of desperate conflict before they fell dying one by one. Bowie was lying in an almost helpless condition in an upper room of the barracks, but when the enemy rushed in upon him he shot down several with his pistols before he was despatched. Bonham, who had been one of the most active of the garrison, had been killed while loading a cannon. Crockett had retreated with the others into the plaza in which the long two-story barracks opened. The last that is known about him is that his mutilated body was seen near the main walls of the Alamo by Mrs. Dickinson, whose life was spared by the Mexicans. The story of his capture behind a pile of dead men, whom he had killed before being overpowered, is not true. Like most of his companions, he died in his tracks, disdaining to ask for quarter. A few of his comrades are known to have attempted escape by hiding in the barracks, an act which was entirely justifiable, for the fighting was over, and longer resistance was useless. The Mexicans stood at last within the walls of the Alamo, surrounded by the dead, with no hand raised against them.

The conflict had been terrible, but was soon over. It was yet an hour before the rising of the sun upon the plains when the calm, sweet notes of a bugle sounded from the midst of drifting smoke above the captured fort. The bands without were hushed, and the fierce Degüello was no longer needed to incite to fury and

frantic assault. The Lone Star flag that had been so proudly raised upon Washington's Birthday lay trampled in the dust, and in its stead the tricolor of Mexico flaunted in the morning breeze. There was a rolling of drums as the victorious Santa Anna appeared before the open gates of the Alamo. Five men who had secreted themselves in the barracks were brought before him. Their captors asked what disposition should be made of the prisoners. For answer Santa Anna wheeled his horse until his back was turned. Disregarding all the tenets of military discipline, the guard about him broke ranks and fell upon the captives like a pack of wolves, and in a moment's time the last of the defenders of the fort had gone to his final accounting.

It has been generally supposed that Crockett and a few others were massacred by Santa Anna's command; but the best evidence now disproves this, though it confirms his savage cruelty in ordering the shooting of Colonel Fannin and his men, afterwards captured at Goliad.

Five hundred dead and dying Mexicans met the gaze of the victorious commander-in-chief as he rode into the fort; and the total losses of the Mexican army were between fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred men. Almost two hundred Americans lay among the ghastly harvest they had reaped.

The bodies of all the Americans, with the possible exception of Bowie, whose wife was a sister of the wife

of Santa Anna, were at once laid upon a pile of wood and brush and burned. The Mexicans' own dead were buried, and preparations were made for the extermination of the last vestige of rebellion.

In February, 1837, Colonel Seguin removed the ashes and charred bones of the funeral pile of the defenders of the Alamo, and buried them near the fort. In after years a small monument was set up in the entrance to the State House at Austin, built from fragments of the stockade against which the tide of battle swept with such fury on that quiet Sabbath morn. Upon this monument are the names of one hundred and sixty-six men who met death before the bugle rang above the old church walls. Among the first is the name of Davy Crockett.

The Alamo is now cared for by the Society of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. The patriotic ladies who compose this Society have done everything possible to restore and preserve the historic building. The four-foot walls are intact, and the roof has been rebuilt. A custodian is always in charge, and many objects of interest have been collected and placed on exhibition. Pictures of Crockett, Travis, Milam, Burleson, and others are hung upon its walls.

The death of Davy Crockett and the other brave men who fell in the Alamo could not be made the occasion for interference by the United States, but thousands of Americans took up their cause, and it was not long before the Stars and Stripes were lowered in salute

before the battle-scarred fortress, as our army passed by on its way to Mexico.

What visions came to Davy Crockett in the smoke and flame of his last fight we do not know; but the love of his own, like an attendant angel, stood by him as he met his enemies one by one; and when the last ray of light had faded from his soul, the glory of his sacrifice grew out of the ghastly ending of a life unspoiled by false ideals, and never unfaithful to those who shared his humble home. The soft airs of the Southland play about his resting-place, and the thrush and robin sing their plaintive song above his dust. While the laurels glorify the Limestone's rugged hills, and the Mayflowers scent the Nolichucky's wilderness, he sleeps unmindful of their fragrance and beauty, or the singing of the birds. But his memory cannot die; his epitaph is upon the walls of the Alamo—

THERMOPYLAE HAD ITS MESSENGER OF DEFEAT: THE ALAMO HAD NONE!

From "David Crockett, Scout," by Charles Fletcher Allen

By permission of J. B. Lippincott & Company

LINCOLN

Chained by stern duty to the rock of state,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the cruel tongues that sate
Base appetites, and foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb.
Tender and simple too; he was so near
To all things human that he cast out fear,
And ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

By permission of The Century Company

—S. Weir Mitchell

THE MAN OF SORROWS

I

Major Stephen Brice, a member of the staff of General William T. Sherman on the famous March to the Sea, writes a series of letters to his mother in which he describes the campaign and tells of his experiences with "Uncle Billy" Sherman. At the conclusion of the campaign he is sent with dispatches to General Grant at City Point, Virginia. Richmond has just been evacuated by General Lee and President Lincoln has come down from Washington on his steamboat, the *River Queen*, to confer with Grant. Knowing Major Brice and his meritorious military record, the President invites him aboard the *River Queen* for an interview. He becomes a member of the President's party, visits the City of Richmond, and later goes to Washington. In the letter that follows Major Brice gives intimate personal glimpses of President Lincoln, General Grant, and General Sherman, and introduces the reader to the President as the Man of Sorrows.

STEAMER "RIVER QUEEN."
ON THE POTOMAC, April 9, 1865.

DEAR MOTHER: I am glad that the telegrams I have been able to send reached you safely. I have not had time to write, and this will be but a short letter.

You will be surprised to see this heading. I am on the President's boat, in the President's party, bound with him for Washingon. And this is how it happened: The very afternoon of the day I wrote you, General Sherman himself arrived at City Point on the steamer *Russia*. I heard the salutes, and was on the wharf to meet him. That same afternoon he and General Grant and Admiral Porter went aboard the *River Queen* to see the President. How I should have liked to be present at that interview!

From "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill

Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, Publishers

After it was over they all came out of the cabin together: General Grant silent, and smoking, as usual; General Sherman talking vivaciously; and Lincoln and the Admiral smiling and listening. That was historic! I shall never expect to see such a sight again in all my days. You can imagine my surprise when the President called me from where I was standing at some distance with the other officers. He put his hand on my shoulder then and there, and turned to General Sherman.

"Major Brice is a friend of mine, General," he said. "I knew him in Illinois."

"He never told me that," said the General.

"I guess he's got a great many important things shut up inside of him," said Mr. Lincoln, banteringly. "But he gave you a good recommendation, Sherman. He said that you wore white socks, and that the boys liked you and called you 'Uncle Billy.' And I told him that was the best recommendation he could give anybody."

I was frightened. But the General only looked at me with those eyes that go through everything, and then he laughed.

"Brice," he said, "you'll have my reputation ruined."

"Sherman," said Mr. Lincoln, "you don't want the Major right away, do you? Let him stay around here for a while with me. I think he'll find it interesting." He looked at the general-in-chief, who was smiling just a little bit. "I've got a sneaking notion that Grant's going to do something." Then they all laughed.

"Certainly, Mr. Lincoln," said my General, "you

may have Brice. Be careful he doesn't talk you to death—he's said too much already."

That is how I came to stay.

I have no time now to tell you all that I have seen and heard. I have ridden with the President, and have gone with him on errands of mercy and errands of cheer. I have been almost within sight of what we hope is the last struggle of this frightful war. I have listened to the guns of Five Forks, where Sheridan and Warren bore their own colors in the front of the charge. I was with Mr. Lincoln while the battle of Petersburg was raging, and there were tears in his eyes.

Then came the retreat of Lee and the instant pursuit of Grant, and—Richmond. The quiet General did not so much as turn aside to enter the smoking city he had besieged for so long. But I went there, with the President. And if I had one incident in my life to live over again, I should choose this. As we were going up the river, a disabled steamer lay across the passage in the obstruction of piles the Confederates had built. Mr. Lincoln would not wait. There were but a few of us in his party, and we stepped into Admiral Porter's twelve-oared barge and were rowed to Richmond, the smoke of the fires still darkening the sky. We landed within a block of Libby Prison.

With the little guard of ten sailors he marched the mile and a half to General Weitzel's headquarters, the presidential mansion of the Confederacy. You can imagine our anxiety. I shall remember him always

as I saw him that day, a tall, black figure of sorrow, with the high silk hat we have learned to love. Unafraid, his heart rent with pity, he walked unharmed amid such tumult as I have rarely seen. The windows filled, the streets ahead of us became choked, as the word that the President was coming ran on like quick-fire. The mob shouted and pushed. Drunken men reeled against him. The negroes wept aloud and cried hosannas. They pressed upon him that they might touch the hem of his coat, and one threw himself on his knees and kissed the President's feet.

Still he walked on unharmed, past the ashes and the ruins. Not as a conqueror was he come, to march in triumph. Not to destroy, but to heal. Though there were many times when we had to fight for a path through the crowds, he did not seem to feel the danger.

Was it because he knew that his hour was not yet come?

Today, on the boat, as we were steaming between the green shores of the Potomac, I overheard him reading to Mr. Sumner:

> "Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
> Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
> Can touch him further."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, April 10, 1865.

I have looked up the passage, and have written it in above. It haunts me.

II

In one of the letters to his mother describing Sherman's March to the Sea Major Stephen Brice tells of the capture of a spy on the skirmish line of the opposing armies. The spy is brought before General Sherman and is recognized by the Major as Colonel Clarence Colfax, a daring and courageous Southern officer. He is a cousin of Virginia Carvel, a beautiful and spirited Southern woman with whom Major Brice is very much in love. Colonel Colfax accepts the fate of a spy with fortitude. He is to be executed at an early date. Meanwhile Virginia Carvel comes to Washington from her home in St. Louis to intercede with President Lincoln for the life of her cousin. The chapter opens with her arrival at the Capital.

THE train was late—very late. It was Virginia who first caught sight of the new dome of the Capitol through the slanting rain, but she merely pressed her lips together and said nothing. In the dingy brick station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad more than one person paused to look after them, and a kind-hearted lady who had been in the car kissed the girl good-by.

"You think that you can find your uncle's house, my dear?" she asked, glancing at Virginia with concern. Through all of that long journey she had worn a look apart. "Do you think you can find your uncle's house?"

Virginia started. And then she smiled as she looked at the honest, alert, and squarely built gentleman beside her.

"Captain Brent can, Mrs. Ware," she said. "He can find anything."

Whereupon the kind lady gave the Captain her hand.

"You look as if you could, Captain," said she. "Remember, if General Carvel is out of town, you promised to bring her to me."

"Yes, ma'am," said Captain Lige, "and so I *shall*."

"Kerridge, kerridge! Right dis-a-way! No sah, dat ain't de kerridge you wants. Dat's it, lady, you'se lookin' at it. Kerridge, kerridge, kerridge!"

Virginia tried bravely to smile, but she was very near to tears as she stood on the uneven pavement and looked at the scrawny horses standing patiently in the steady downpour. All sorts of people were coming and going—army officers and navy officers and citizens of states and territories, driving up and driving away.

And this was Washington!

She was thinking then of the multitude who came here with aching hearts, with heavier hearts than was hers that day. How many of the throng hurrying by would not flee, if they could, back to the peaceful homes they had left? But perhaps those homes were gone now. Destroyed, like her own, by the war. Women with children at their breasts, and mothers bowed with sorrow, had sought this city in their agony. Young men and old had come hither, striving to keep back the thoughts of dear ones left behind, whom they might never see again. And by the thousands and tens of

thousands they had passed from here to the places of blood beyond.

"Kerridge, sah! Kerridge!"

"Do you know where General Daniel Carvel lives?"

"Yes, sah, reckon I does. I Street, sah. Jump right in, sah."

Virginia sank back on the stuffy cushions of the rattletrap, and then sat upright again and stared out of the window at the dismal scene. They were splashing through a sea of mud. Ever since they had left St. Louis Captain Lige had done his best to cheer her, and he did not intend to desist now.

"This beats all," he cried. "So this is Washington! Why, it don't compare to St. Louis, except we haven't got the White House and the Capitol. Jinny, it would take a scow to get across the street, and we don't have ramshackly stores and nigger cabins bang up against fine houses like that. This is ragged. That's what it is, *ragged*. We don't have any dirty pickaninnies dodging among the horses in our residence streets. I declare, Jinny, if those aren't *pigs!*"

Virginia laughed. She could not help it.

"Poor Lige!" she said. "I hope Uncle Daniel has some breakfast for you. You've had a good deal to put up with on this trip."

"Lordy, Jinny," said the Captain, "I'd put up with a good deal more than this for the sake of going anywhere with you."

"Even to such a doleful place as this?" she sighed.

"This is all right, if the sun'll only come out and dry things up and let us see the green on those trees," he said. "Lordy, how I do love to see the spring green in the sunlight!"

She put out her hand over his.

"Lige," she said, "you know you're just trying to keep up my spirits. You've been doing that ever since we left home."

"No such thing," he replied with vehemence. "There's nothing for you to be cast down about."

"Oh, but there is!" she cried. "Suppose I can't make your Black Republican President pardon Clarence!"

"Pooh!" said the Captain, squeezing her hand and trying to appear unconcerned. "Your Uncle Daniel knows Mr. Lincoln. He'll have that arranged."

Just then the rattletrap pulled up at the sidewalk, the wheels of the near side in four inches of mud, and the Captain leaped out, and spread the umbrella. They were in front of a rather imposing house of brick, flanked on one side by a house just like it, and on the other by a series of dreary vacant lots where the rain had collected in pools. They climbed the steps and rang the bell. In due time the door was opened by a smiling yellow butler in black.

"Does General Carvel live here?"

"Yas, miss. But he ain't to home now. Done gone to New York."

"Oh," faltered Virginia. "Didn't he get my tele-

gram day before yesterday? I sent it to the War Department."

"He's done gone since Saturday, miss." And then, evidently impressed by the young lady's looks, he added hospitably, "Kin I do anything fo' you, miss?"

"I'm his niece, Miss Virginia Carvel, and this is Captain Brent."

The yellow butler's face lighted up.

"Come right in, Miss Jinny. Done heerd de General speak of you often—yas'm. De General'll be to home dis a'ternoon, suah. 'Twill do him good ter see you, Miss Jinny. He's been mighty lonesome. Walk right in, Cap'n, and make you'selves at home. Lizbeth—Lizbeth!" A yellow maid came running down the stairs. "Heah's Miss Jinny."

"Lan' of goodness!" cried Lizbeth. "I knows Miss Jinny. Done seed her at Calve't House. How *is* you, Miss Jinny?"

"Very well, Lizbeth," said Virginia, listlessly sitting down on the hall sofa. "Can you give us some breakfast?"

"Yas'm," said Lizbeth, "jes' reckon we kin." She ushered them into a walnut dining room, big and high and sombre, with plush-bottomed chairs placed about—walnut also; for that was the fashion in those days. But the Captain had no sooner seated himself than he shot up again and started out.

"Where are you going, Lige?"

"To pay off the carriage driver," he said.

"Let him wait," said Virginia. "I'm going to the White House in a little while."

"What—what for?" he gasped.

"To see your Black Republican President," she replied, with alarming calmness.

"Now, Jinny," he cried, in excited appeal, "don't go doin' any such fool trick as that. Your Uncle Dan'l will be here this afternoon. *He* knows the President. And then the thing'll be fixed all right, and no *mistake.*"

Her reply was in the same tone—almost a monotone—which she had used for three days. It made the Captain very uneasy, for he knew when she spoke in that way that her will was in it.

"And to lose that time," she answered, "may be to have him shot."

"But you can't get to the President without credentials," he objected.

"What," she flashed, "hasn't any one a right to see the President? You mean to say that he will not see a woman in trouble? Then all these pretty stories I hear of him are false. They are made up by the Yankees."

Poor Captain Lige! He had some notion of the multitude of calls upon Mr. Lincoln, especially at that time. But he could not, he dared not, remind her of the principal reason for this, Lee's surrender and the approaching end of the war. And then the Captain had never seen Mr. Lincoln. In the distant valley of

the Mississippi he had only heard of the President very conflicting things. He had heard him criticized and reviled and praised, just as is every man who goes to the White House, be he saint or sinner. And, during an administration, no man at a distance may come at a President's true character and worth. The Captain had seen Lincoln caricatured vilely. And again he had read and heard the pleasant anecdotes of which Virginia had spoken, until he did not know what to believe.

As for Virginia, he knew her partisanship to, and undying love for, the South; he knew the class prejudice which was bound to assert itself, and he had seen enough in the girl's demeanor to fear that she was going to demand rather than implore. She did not come of a race that was wont to bend the knee.

"Well, well," he said despairingly, "you must eat some breakfast first, Jinny."

She waited with an ominous calmness until it was brought in, and then she took a part of a roll and some coffee.

"This won't do," exclaimed the Captain. "Why, why, that won't get you halfway to Mr. Lincoln."

She shook her head, half smiling.

"You must eat enough, Lige," she said.

He was finished in an incredibly short time, and amid the protestations of Lizbeth and the yellow butler they got into the carriage again, and splashed and rattled toward the White House. Once Virginia glanced out,

and catching sight of the bedraggled flags on the houses in honor of Lee's surrender, a look of pain crossed her face. The Captain could not repress a note of warning.

"Jinny," said he, "I have an idea that you'll find the President a good deal of a *man*. Now if you're allowed to see him, don't get him *mad*, Jinny, whatever you do."

Virginia stared straight ahead.

"If he is something of a man, Lige, he will not lose his temper with a woman."

Captain Lige subsided. And just then they came in sight of the house of the Presidents, with its beautiful portico and its broad wings. And they turned in under the dripping trees of the grounds. A carriage with a black coachman and footman was ahead of them, and they saw two stately gentlemen descend from it and pass the guard at the door. Then their turn came. The Captain helped her out in his best manner, and gave some money to the driver.

"I reckon he needn't wait for us this time, Jinny," said he.

She shook her head and went in, he following, and they were directed to the anteroom of the President's office on the second floor. There were many people in the corridors, and one or two young officers in blue who stared at her. She passed them with her head high.

But her spirits sank when they came to the anteroom. It was full of all sorts of people. Politicians, both prosperous and seedy, full faced and keen faced,

seeking office; women, officers, and a one-armed soldier sitting in the corner. He was among the men who offered Virginia their seats, and the only one whom she thanked. But she walked directly to the doorkeeper at the end of the room. Captain Lige was beside her.

"Can we see the President?" he asked.

"Have you got an appointment?" said the old man.

"No."

"Then you'll have to wait your turn, sir," he said, shaking his head and looking at Virginia. And he added: "It's slow work waiting your turn, there's so many governors and generals and senators, although the session's over. It's a busy time, miss."

Virginia went very close to him.

"Oh, can't you do something?" she said. And added, with an inspiration, "I *must* see him. It's a matter of life and death."

She saw instantly, with a woman's instinct, that her words had had their effect. The old man glanced at her again, as if demurring.

"You're sure, miss, it's life and death?" he said.

"Oh, why should I say so if it were not?" she cried.

"The orders are very strict," he said. "But the President told me to give precedence to cases when a life is in question. Just you wait a minute, miss, until Governor Doddridge comes out, and I'll see what I can do for you. Give me your name, please, miss."

She remained standing where she was. In a little while the heavy door opened, and a portly, rubicund

man came out with a smile on his face. He broke into a laugh when halfway across the room, as if the memory of what he had heard were too much for his gravity. The doorkeeper slipped into the room, and there was a silent, anxious interval. Then he came out again.

"The President will see you, miss."

Captain Lige started forward with her, but she restrained him.

"Wait for me here, Lige," she said.

She swept in alone, and the door closed softly after her. The room was a big one, and there were maps on the table, with pins sticking in them. She saw that much, and then—!

Could this fantastically tall, stooping figure before her be that of the President of the United States? She stopped, as from the shock he gave her. The lean, yellow face with the mask-like lines all up and down, the unkempt, tousled hair, the beard—why, he was a hundred times more ridiculous than his caricatures. He might have stood for many of the poor white trash farmers she had seen in Kentucky—save for the long black coat.

"Is—is this Mr. Lincoln?" she asked, her breath taken away.

He bowed and smiled down at her. Somehow that smile changed his face a little.

"I guess I'll have to own up," he answered.

"My name is Virginia Carvel," she said. "I have come all the way from St. Louis to see you."

"Miss Carvel," said the President, looking at her intently, "I have rarely been so flattered in my life. I—I hope I have not disappointed you."

Virginia was justly angry.

"Oh, you haven't," she cried, her eyes flashing, "because I am what you would call a Rebel."

The mirth in the dark corners of his eyes disturbed her more and more. And then she saw that the President was laughing.

"And have you a better name for it, Miss Carvel?" he asked. "Because I am searching for a better name—just now."

She was silent—sternly silent. And she tapped her foot on the carpet. What manner of man was this?

"Won't you sit down?" said the President, kindly. "*You* must be tired after your journey." And he put forth a chair.

"No, thank you," said Virginia; "I think that I can say what I have come to say better standing."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln. "that's not strange. I'm that way, too. The words seem to come out better. That reminds me of a story they tell about General Buck Tanner. Ever heard of Buck, Miss Carvel? No? Well, Buck was a character. He got his title in the Mormon war. One day the boys asked him over to the square to make a speech. The General was a little uneasy.

" 'I'm all right when I get standing up, Liza,' he said to his wife. 'Then the words come right along.

Only trouble is they come too cussed fast. How'm I going to stop 'em when I want to?'

" 'Well, I du declare, Buck,' said she, 'I gave you credit for some sense. All you've got to do is to set down. That'll end it, I reckon.'

"So the General went over to the square and talked for about an hour and a half, and then a Chicago man shouted to him to dry up. The General looked pained.

" 'Boys,' said he, 'it's jest every bit as bad for me as it is for you. You'll have to hand up a chair, boys, because I'm never going to get shet of this gol-darned speech any other way.' "

Mr. Lincoln had told this so comically that Virginia was forced to laugh, and she immediately hated herself. A man who could joke at such a time certainly could not feel the cares and responsibilities of his office. He should have been a comedian. And yet this was the President who had conducted the war, whose generals had conquered the Confederacy. And she was come to ask him a favor. Virginia swallowed her pride.

"Mr. Lincoln," she began, "I have come to talk to you about my cousin, Colonel Clarence Colfax."

"I shall be happy to talk to you about your cousin, Colonel Colfax, Miss Carvel. Is he your third or fourth cousin?"

"He is my first cousin," she retorted.

"Is he in the city?" asked Mr. Lincoln, innocently. "Why didn't he come with you?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?" she cried. "He is Clarence

Colfax, of St. Louis, now a Colonel in the army of the Confederate States."

"Which army?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

Virginia tossed her head in exasperation.

"In General Joseph Johnston's army," she replied, trying to be patient. "But now," she gulped, "now he has been arrested as a spy by General Sherman's army."

"That's too bad," answered Mr. Lincoln.

"And—and they are going to shoot him."

"That's worse," said Mr. Lincoln, gravely. "But I expect he deserves it."

"Oh, no, he doesn't," she cried. "You don't know how brave he is! He floated down the Mississippi on a log, out of Vicksburg, and brought back thousands and thousands of percussion caps. He rowed across the river when the Yankee fleet was going down, and set fire to De Soto so that they could see to shoot."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a good starter."

Then he looked thoughtful.

"Miss Carvel," said he, "that argument reminds me of a story about a man I used to know in the old days in Illinois. His name was McNeil, and he was a lawyer. One day he was defending a prisoner for assault and battery before Judge Drake.

" 'Judge,' says McNeil, 'you oughtn't to lock this man up. It was a fair fight, and he's the best man in the state in a fair fight. And, what's more, he's never been licked in a fair fight in his life.'

" 'And if your honor does lock me up,' the prisoner

put in, 'I'll give your honor a thunderin' big lickin' when I get out.'

"The Judge took off his coat.

" 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'it's a powerful queer argument, but the Court will admit it on its merits. The prisoner will please to step out on the grass.' "

This time Virginia contrived merely to smile. She was striving against something, she knew not what. Her breath was coming deeply, and she was dangerously near to tears. Why? She could not tell. She had come into this man's presence despising herself for having to ask him a favor. The sight of his face she had ridiculed. Now she could not look into it without an odd sensation. What was in it? Sorrow? Yes, that was nearest it.

What had the man done? Told her a few funny stories—given quizzical answers to some of her questions. Quizzical, yes; but she could not be sure then there was not wisdom in them, and that humiliated her. She had never conceived of such a man. And, be it added gratuitously, Virginia deemed herself something of an adept in dealing with men.

"And now," said Mr. Lincoln, "to continue for the defense, I believe that Colonel Colfax first distinguished himself at the time of Camp Jackson, when of all the prisoners he refused to accept a parole."

Startled, she looked up at him swiftly, and then down again. "Yes," she answered, "yes. But oh, Mr. Lincoln, please don't hold that against him."

If she could only have seen his face then. But her lashes were dropped.

"My dear young lady," replied the President, "I honor him for it. I was merely elaborating the argument which you have begun. On the other hand, it is a pity that he should have taken off that uniform which he adorned, and attempted to enter General Sherman's lines as a civilian, as a spy."

He had spoken these last words very gently, but she was too excited to heed his gentleness. She drew herself up, a gleam in her eyes like the crest of a blue wave in a storm.

"A spy!" she cried; "it takes more courage to be a spy than anything else in war. Then he will be shot. You are not content in the North with what you have gained. You are not content with depriving us of our rights, and our fortunes, with forcing us back to an allegiance we despise. You are not content with humiliating our generals and putting innocent men in prisons. But now I suppose you will shoot us all. And all this mercy that I have heard about means nothing—nothing—"

Why did she falter and stop?

"Miss Carvel," said the President, "I am afraid from what I have heard just now, that it means nothing."

Oh, the sadness of that voice, the ineffable sadness —the sadness and the woe of a great nation! And the sorrow in those eyes, the sorrow of a heavy cross borne

meekly, how heavy none will ever know. The pain of a crown of thorns worn for a world that did not understand.

No wonder Virginia faltered and was silent. She looked at Abraham Lincoln standing there, bent and sorrowful, and it was as if a light had fallen upon him. But strangest of all in that strange moment was that she felt his strength. It was the same strength she had felt in Stephen Brice. This was the thought that came to her.

Slowly she walked to the window and looked out across the green grounds where the wind was shaking the wet trees, past the unfinished monument to the Father of her country, and across the broad Potomac to Alexandria in the hazy distance. The rain beat upon the panes, and then she knew that she was crying softly to herself. She had met a force that she could not conquer, she had looked upon a sorrow that she could not fathom, albeit she had known sorrow.

Presently she felt him near. She turned and looked through her tears at his face that was all compassion. And now she was unashamed. He had placed a chair behind her.

"Sit down, Virginia," he said. Even the name fell from him naturally.

She obeyed him then like a child. He remained standing.

"Tell me about your cousin," he said; "are you going to marry him?"

She hung an instant on her answer. Would that save Clarence? But in that moment she could not have spoken anything but the truth to save her soul.

"No, Mr. Lincoln," she said; "I was—but I did not love him. I—I think that was one reason why he was so reckless."

Mr. Lincoln smiled.

"The officer who happened to see Colonel Colfax captured is now in Washington. When your name was given to me, I sent for him. Perhaps he is in the anteroom now. I should like to tell you, first of all, that this officer defended your cousin and asked me to pardon him."

"He defended him! He asked you to pardon him! Who is he?" she exclaimed.

Again Mr. Lincoln smiled. He strode to the bell-cord, and spoke a few words to the usher who answered his ring. The usher went out. Then the door opened, and a young officer, spare, erect, came quickly into the room, and bowed respectfully to the President. But Mr. Lincoln's eyes were not on him. They were on the girl. He saw her head lifted, timidly. He saw her lips part and the color came flooding into her face. But she did not rise.

The president sighed. But the light in her eyes was reflected in his own. It has been truly said that Abraham Lincoln knew the human heart.

The officer still stood facing the President, the girl staring at his profile. The door closed behind him.

"Major Brice," said Mr. Lincoln, "when you asked me to pardon Colonel Colfax, I believe that you told me he was inside his own skirmish lines when he was captured."

"Yes, sir, he was."

Suddenly Stephen turned, as if impelled by the President's gaze, and so his eyes met Virginia's. He forgot time and place, for the while even this man whom he revered above all men. He saw her hand tighten on the arm of her chair. He took a step toward her, and stopped. Mr. Lincoln was speaking again.

"He put in a plea, a lawyer's plea, wholly unworthy of him, Miss Virginia. He asked me to let your cousin off on a technicality. What do you think of that?"

"Oh!" said Virginia. Just the exclamation escaped her—nothing more. The crimson that had betrayed her deepened on her cheeks. Slowly the eyes she had yielded to Stephen came back again and rested on the President. And now her wonder was that an ugly man could be so beautiful.

"I wish it understood, Mr. Lawyer," the President continued, "that I am not letting off Colonel Colfax on a technicality. I am sparing his life," he said slowly, "because the time for which we have been waiting and longing for four years is now at hand—the time to be merciful. Let us all thank God for it."

Virginia had risen now. She crossed the room, her head lifted, her heart lifted, to where this man of sorrows stood smiling down at her.

With His Long Arm He Pointed Across the River to the Southeast

"Mr. Lincoln," she faltered, "I did not know you when I came here. I should have known you, for I had heard him—I had heard Major Brice praise you. Oh," she cried, "how I wish that every man and woman and child in the South might come here and see you as I have seen you today. I think—I think that some of their bitterness might be taken away."

Abraham Lincoln laid his hands upon the girl. And Stephen, watching, knew that he was looking upon a benediction.

"Virginia," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have not suffered by the South, I have suffered *with* the South. Your sorrow has been my sorrow, and your pain has been my pain. What you have lost, I have lost. And what you have gained," he added sublimely, "I have gained."

He led her gently to the window. The clouds were flying before the wind, and a patch of blue sky shone above the Potomac. With his long arm he pointed across the river to the southeast, and as if by a miracle a shaft of sunlight fell on the white houses of Alexandria.

"In the first days of the war," he said, "a flag flew there in the sight of the place where George Washington lived and died. I used to watch that flag, and thank God that Washington had not lived to see it. And sometimes, sometimes I wondered if God had allowed it to be put in irony just there." His voice seemed to catch. "That was wrong," he continued. "I should have known that this was our punishment—that the sight of it was my punishment. Before we could be-

come the great nation He has destined us to be, our sins must be wiped out in blood. You loved that flag, Virginia. You love it still. I say in all sincerity, may you always love it. May the day come when this nation, North and South, may look back upon it with reverence. Thousands upon thousands of brave Americans have died under it for what they believed was right. But may the day come again when you will love that flag you see there now—Washington's flag—better still."

He stopped, and the tears were wet upon Virginia's lashes. She could not have spoken then.

Mr. Lincoln went over to his desk and sat down before it. Then he began to write, slouched forward, one knee resting on the floor, his lips moving at the same time. When he got up again he seemed taller than ever.

"There!" he said, "I guess that will fix it. I'll have that sent to Sherman. I have already spoken to him about the matter."

They did not thank him. It was beyond them both. He turned to Stephen with that quizzical look on his face he had so often seen him wear.

"Steve," he said, "I'll tell you a story. The other night Harlan was here making a speech to a crowd out of the window, and my boy Tad was sitting behind him.

" 'What shall we do with the Rebels?' said Harlan to the crowd.

" 'Hang 'em!' cried the people.

" 'No,' says Tad, 'hang on to 'em.'

"And the boy was right. That is what we intend to do, hang on to 'em. And, Steve," said Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand again on Virginia's shoulder, "if you have the sense I think you have, you'll hang on, too."

For an instant he stood smiling at their blushes—he to whom the power was given to set apart his cares and his troubles and partake of the happiness of others. For of such was his happiness.

Then the President drew out his watch. "Bless me!" he said, "I am ten minutes behind my appointment at the Department. Miss Virginia, you may care to thank the Major for the little service he has done you. You can do so undisturbed here. Make yourselves at home."

As he opened the door he paused and looked back at them. The smile passed from his face, and an ineffable expression of longing—longing and tenderness—came upon it.

Then he was gone.

ROBERT E. LEE

A gallant foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
The blessed torch of learning bore.
No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.
Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the heart of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

—*Julia Ward Howe*

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WHAT A BOY SAW OF THE CIVIL WAR WITH GLIMPSES OF GENERAL LEE

This story gives an intimate picture of the life behind the lines, and shows the human side of men engaged in a great war. Would you not like to have been with the little boy of this story and Dr. Doyle in the old gig out there on the Williamsport Pike, when they met General Lee; and would you not have thrilled with pride if you had been invited to "have a snack" with that famous general?

THOSE who are familiar with the Cumberland Valley need not be told that it is a rich and smiling landscape, and that no part is more beautiful than Elizabethtown.

It is like the land the Psalmist loved: "The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." When I knew it as a boy, in the time of the Civil War, over the mountains in every direction stretched the white pikes leading to the outside world, and on them the heavy "Concord" coaches rolled at the rate of six miles an hour. For half a century life had moved on peacefully. Why should there ever be a change?

Then suddenly great trains of army wagons with their shining white covers began to file through the quiet streets, and soon all the fields near the town were white with tents. There was drilling, marching, and shooting at marks; bands played every morning and evening.

As soon as lessons for the day were over I betook me to one of the camps. The soldiers always welcomed children, and many happy days I spent in listening to their stories, eating hardtack, watching the drill, and learning the manual. But the great delight was to visit the cavalry, for the good-natured troopers would often let us boys ride their horses. My mother had charged me never to say what my opinions were, but that if I were asked I must tell the truth. The first time I nearly fainted with fright, but the announcement that I was a "Confederate" was met with a shout of laughter that was reassuring, if not flattering. And when I was asked why, and answered that my mother was one, there was a murmur of approval which, I fear, led me more often than was good for me to announce my faith, that I might hear the soldiers say, "That's a good boy." They were most of them decent, serious-minded men, who said but little and were anxious for the war to close that they might go home. But some of the younger officers were a disgrace to the service, rioting, drinking, and a terror to all decent people.

Of course in a town on the border there were people who held communication with the enemy, and, as a consequence, the innocent suffered as well as the guilty. A large number of the best men in the town, who were entirely innocent, were arrested and sent North on the charge of holding communication with the enemy. But the worst of all was that information

was often given against men by their private enemies, and debtors took that way of getting rid of their creditors; for a suspected man was a condemned man. All this, of course, led to retaliation later, and served to increase the bitter feeling among neighbors, already bitter enough.

How well I remember the night that news came of the battle of Bull Run, and the horror, the rage, the fear! All the loyal people were then for flight. After this the troops poured in faster than ever, and people began to talk of a long war. When Banks was defeated in the Shenandoah Valley, his broken troops came pouring back through our town. It was pitiful to see the sad, tired faces of the poor fellows who had marched out so bravely such a little time before.

The months rolled away, and the news that came was chiefly of Union reverses; and while no Northern man yet said openly that the war was a failure, many began to fear it, even among the soldiers, and especially after the dreadful disaster of the second Bull Run. It was not long after this that it began to be rumored that Lee was about to cross the Potomac. The horror that fell upon the loyal people when the rumor proved true was dreadful. Those who had been most active in the persecution of "Southern sympathizers," as they called themselves, or "Copperheads," as their enemies named them, fled.

But Lee showed great wisdom in his moderation. The western counties of Maryland had been settled

largely from Pennsylvania, and a majority of the plain people were attached to the Union; and it would not have done to have had an actively hostile population in his rear. When the news came that Lee was on the Maryland side, the Union troops that were left in Elizabethtown quickly took their departure. Then one warm and beautiful day in September the whole population of the town assembled on the "Hill" and intently watched the Frederick pike.

About nine o'clock in the morning their patience was rewarded. First a little cloud of dust was seen, and then, galloping over the hill, came the advance of Stuart's cavalry. Some who had sons at the South wept with joy. Men who had welcomed Patterson now cheered the enemy, but the greater part watched in silence while the streets of the little town filled with the men who had done brave deeds in Virginia.

I had supposed that the Southern soldiers were in every way different from their Northern brethren—that they were dashing cavaliers, all of them "gentlemen" and creatures of beauty whom it would be a delight to see. They were the dirtiest men I ever saw, a most ragged, lean, and hungry set of wolves. Yet there was a dash about them that the Northern men lacked. They rode like circus riders. Many of them were from the far South and spoke a dialect I could scarcely understand. They were profane beyond belief and talked incessantly. There was a great deal of laughing and good-natured banter. But, like sol-

diers the world over, they were kind to children, indeed, to every one. I shall always think it wonderful that, considering what these men had undergone, they should have borne themselves so gently in the enemy's land.

Soon after, the town was in a ferment of excitement; Lee himself had ridden over to confer with Longstreet, who commanded the troops in Elizabethtown. All the town went out to see him. Lee made his headquarters in a beautiful grove near the town. I did not see him, for I was ill, but, of course, I heard him graphically described. At this time his hair was scarcely gray, and he appeared like a man in the prime of life. He had lately met with some accident, and one arm was in a sling; I am not sure that both were not injured. But in spite of this disadvantage all were impressed with the dignity and gentleness of the great soldier. He received many invitations to the homes of the people who sympathized with the South, but in every case declined them, saying that he feared, after the town should be evacuated, it might fare badly with any one who had entertained him.

When Lee arrived, the older people feared, and the boys hoped, that a battle would take place at Elizabethtown; but there was none. One Saturday afternoon the troops began to march, and by Sunday afternoon the Union troops were back again, and pouring down the Sharpsburg pike. That Sunday morning was a memorable one to me, for the church was filled

with Southern troops, and the question which every one was asking was, "Will the clergyman read the prayer for the President of the United States?" There should have been no doubt in the mind of any one who knew Mr. Austin, for he did not fear the face of man. He was a Northern man, and his whole heart was with the Union. And so he said his prayers without regard to the enemy, and prayed for the President. Some of the officers left the church, others stood up till the prayer was ended, but no one, I fancy, thought worse of the man who did his duty.

The next day news came that a battle had been fought at Boonsboro, and that the rebels were in full retreat. Then it was said that only a part of Lee's army had been engaged; that he himself was now at Sharpsburg with Jackson, where Longstreet had gone to meet him; and that, when they were united, the army of McClellan would be destroyed and Washington taken in the rear.

Those were breathless days, especially for the boys. I knew a number who went to Boonsboro the day after the battle and returned with bayonets, pistols, and cartridge-boxes. One boy told me that he sat on the fence and watched the fighting going on in the field! I believed him, and made an engagement to go with him the next day to Sharpsburg to see what I might of the coming battle. But, alas! the plan was discovered by my mother, and I was forbidden to leave our door-yard. As my assistance would have been given to the

rebels, perhaps it is as well that I did not succeed in my plan!

Idly swinging on the gate, and waiting for something to turn up, I saw a cloud far away to the southeast. My first thought was that somebody's barn was on fire, but older heads than mine knew what it meant: it was the smoke of battle. Soon the hill was swarming with men, women, and children, and when the wind changed there came to us the far-off roar of cannon. It was a dreadful day. There were men and women there who had sons on both sides; for which could they pray? How beautiful the country looked in the soft haze of that September morning, with that awful cloud spreading over it! But underneath the cloud who could picture what was going on—the charge, the shout, the cry of agony, and the dying moan? Boy as I was, that cloud sobered me. The very silence of the people as they looked away southward was oppressive. Toward night the wind rose and rain began to fall, and women talked of the wounded on the field; and I feared to go to bed when I thought of what had been done on the banks of the Antietam, where I had often fished and bathed.

Late at night word came to the house that a soldier had come from the field and reported that the Union army was destroyed and Lee was marching to Washington; that he was one of the few who escaped; and that all was lost. No one thought of doubting the fellow's tale. I saw strong men weep when that news was told, and even those who had wished the South

success grew serious as the full meaning of the awful calamity to the nation began to dawn upon them.

Of course the truth was known the next day. "A great victory!" cried the men who had trembled with fear the night before. "A drawn battle," said the Baltimore "Gazette."

Before night the ambulances began to come with their dying loads, and churches, halls, schools, and the courthouses were soon filled with the wounded of both sides. Every child was set to picking lint, and the people of the town did all that could be done. I went every day to one of the great hospitals. It was a fearful sight. Day by day the shrill fife and muffled drum told of one more who had survived the battle to succumb to the deadly fever of the hospital.

After this the tide of war rolled away to the west and the south, and we began to think that we had seen the last of great armies. What we had seen was only an advance-guard compared with what we were to see.

Before the year was out we learned that the Union troops had again been driven back to Washington, and, soon after, that Lee was crossing the river at Williamsport. The report proved true. First came the cavalry. I had never supposed so many horses were to be found in the world as I now saw slowly passing through the street of Elizabethtown. They kept straight on to the north. I asked many of the soldiers where they were going. The poor fellows knew nothing; many of them were too ignorant to know what it meant

to have crossed the Potomac. Had they not crossed many rivers? What was one more than another? But the officers laughed gaily and said, "New York." Why not? What could prevent them? Was not the Army of the Potomac huddled about the defenses of Washington? "Had not Bobby Lee stolen a march on the commanding general, whoever that might be at the moment?" they added with a laugh. Indeed, the darkest hour of the war had come to the North.

So the troops passed on, thousand after thousand. The artillery followed the cavalry; then came the infantry. The impression made by the sight of so many horses was repeated by the hosts of men. It was not only the multitude that impressed those who saw the march; it was also the splendid discipline of the army. They were different from the corps we had seen the year before. These men were well clad and shod, and they came through the town with flags flying and bands playing "Dixie," "Dixie," all day long, with now and then a change to "Maryland, My Maryland" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag." We became as tired of these as we had of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Star-Spangled Banner." (But both armies marched to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me.") They had the air of men who were used to conquer; they believed in the men who led them, and they did not doubt that when they saw the enemy they would drive them before them again. It was a sight such as few have seen even of those who took part in the war. Sixty thousand men,

it is said, passed through Elizabethtown on the way to Gettysburg, and I can well believe it. Day after day an unbroken line passed on due north, and at night the rumble of the wagons made sleep impossible for nervous people. And who was not nervous?

Soon after the Confederates began to enter the town I met a friend of mine, the son of Dr. Doyle, who told me that his father had just been sent for to see Lee, and that I might go too if I hurried. It is needless to say that I ran as fast as my small legs could carry me, and we found the doctor just starting. Dr. Doyle was a man who had been in communication with the enemy from the beginning of the war, but had so far managed to escape the fate of many innocent men. Two of his sons had been arrested a short time before, and were lying in the jail when their friends arrived and set them free.

The doctor was in his old gig, and, being an immense man, left no room for any one else in it, so we two boys sat on the springs behind. It was on the Williamsport pike, about half a mile from the town, that we met General Lee. He had dismounted and was standing by his horse, a small sorrel mare, which, I was told, it was his custom to ride on the march. His staff was brilliant in gold lace, but he was very simply dressed. No one could have seen that man without being greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing and the beauty of his face. His hair at this time was almost entirely white, and those who had seen him the year before said he had aged greatly in the short space of time which

had elapsed since the battle of Antietam. I could not help thinking of Washington as I looked at that calm, sad face. It has been said since by those who were near him that he had no expectation of conquering the North, and that, at the most, he only hoped to win a great battle on Northern soil in order to affect public opinion in Europe, and lead to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. However that may be, there was nothing about his bearing which looked like a great hope.

Dr. Doyle drove straight to where he was standing and announced himself as one who was sure of his welcome. General Lee came at once to the gig and thanked him politely for having come so promptly, and began at once to ask about the roads. I was astonished at the familiarity which he showed with the country, and yet he evidently wished to have his map, which he held in his hand, confirmed by an eye-witness. His questions were like those of a lawyer to a witness. What roads ran into the Lightersburg pike? Did the Cavetown pike cross the mountain? What sort of crossing was it? Could cannon be easily brought over it? His right flank, then, was protected by the Blue Ridge until he reached Gettysburg? And on his return should he come that way? Were there good roads running to the river west of the one on which he now stood? Could artillery be moved over them? Was the valley well wooded and watered all the way to Gettysburg? To all of which the answer was "Yes."

Lee had been speaking in a low tone, leaning on the shaft of the gig, with his head under the hood of it, so that we, looking in through the curtain, could see and hear everything. Suddenly Lee saw us and said, "Doctor, are these your boys?"

"One of them is," said the doctor. "The other is the son of Dr. Parks. You must have known his father in the old army."

"Is it possible!" said Lee.

Then we were called down and made our bows, and Lee said something that I could not hear; but the doctor answered, "No danger," and then added something at which Lee smiled and said, "Would you boys like to get on that horse?" pointing to his own little mare.

Of course we said, "Yes," and each in turn was lifted by General Lee up to the horse's back. I suspect that that attention was suggested by Dr. Doyle in order to divert our minds from that which we had just heard. When we got back to town he said to me: "Now run home, my boy, and tell your mother that you have seen General Lee and all that he said to you —in fact, all that you can remember to have heard him say. It will interest her."

So home I ran, swelling with importance, and told my mother all the questions that General Lee had asked and what Dr. Doyle had said. Of course my mother saw at once the importance of the conversation and charged me to keep it perfectly quiet, which I did.

A day or two after this a friend of the family who had been very kind to me asked me if I should not like to go out to General Lee's headquarters? "Tomorrow," he said, "you will see a sight that you will be able to tell of as long as you live, for Lee's generals are to meet him, and the army is to move."

I boldly asked if he would lend me his horse, and he laughed and consented. So the next morning, dressed in white jacket and trousers, I started off on a brown horse, carrying a basket of raspberries to one of Lee's staff whom my mother had known since he was a lad. I remember my costume from the fact that some of the berries melted, and before I was aware of it they had made a stain on my trousers which no amount of rubbing would remove. This troubled me a great deal because I thought General Lee might think I did not know how to ride; and as I had made up my mind to ask him to let me accompany the army in some capacity not very clear to me, this gave me considerable anxiety. However, I reached the camp without further accident and found Colonel Taylor, to whom I was accredited.

Lee's headquarters were in a hickory grove about three miles from Williamsport. The grove was on the top of a small hill, and near enough to the pike for the general to see the troops as they marched by.

When I reached the camp, Colonel Taylor told me that General Lee was away, but that he would probably return before long. Indeed, it was not many minutes before we heard the trampling of horses and the guard

turning out, and, on going to the door of the tent, I saw a splendid sight. First there was Lee himself riding a superb iron-gray horse, and with him were Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill. Colonel Taylor led me to General Lee and said: "General, this gentleman has brought me some raspberries, and I have asked him to take snack with us." Lee's back was toward me when the Colonel spoke, and I was startled to see how severe he looked as, wheeling sharply, he glanced quickly to right and left and then looked down. Then he smiled very pleasantly and remarked, "I have had the pleasure of meeting your friend before." And then, to my great surprise, this severe-looking man stooped down, and lifting me, kissed me. After this the generals and Colonel Taylor and I went into a large tent for "snack."

I do not remember anything that was said during the meal, or what we had to eat. I suppose I was a good deal excited, and I know that there was a deal of laughing, I fear at my expense; for they—not Lee, but the others—asked me a great many questions, and then laughed at the answers. I suppose it was a relief to these men, who were carrying such a heavy burden, to have a child to chaff.

After luncheon we went to Lee's tent, and the general took me on his knee and talked to me until, some one having taken his attention, Hill beckoned me to come to him, which I did gladly; for, though Lee was gentle, I could not help standing in awe of him in a way that I did not of the others. When I had been with him

for a little while, Longstreet said: "Come, Hill, you've had him long enough; pass him over." So I was dragged over to Longstreet's knee and had my face well rubbed by his great brown beard. And he whispered in my ear that he had a pony he thought would carry my weight, if I should like to join his staff. But before I could express my joy, Lee suddenly said, "Well, gentlemen," and immediately Colonel Taylor made me a sign. So I got up and said good-by; and I thought then, and think now, that they were sorry to have me go, for I suppose I brought a new element into their life. One of them—Hill, I think—called to a servant to "bring the captain's horse," at which the man grinned and untied the horse from a tree near by and led him to the front of the tent. This placed me in a most embarrassing situation; for while I could ride very well for a boy, I was in the habit of mounting my steed by the aid of a fence. Still, I determined to do my best, and stretching up my leg as high as it would go, managed to touch the stirrup with my toe; but, alas! when I attempted to mount into the saddle I descended to the ground, with my feet very wide apart and my jacket somewhat marked by contact with the horse's flanks. This was greeted with a good-natured laugh, which determined me to mount or die in the attempt. But I was saved either alternative, for before I had time to try again I was lifted lightly into the saddle by Lee himself, who smiled and said, "Give him time, and he'll do for the cavalry yet."

So I rode away home again, full of pride at the company to which I had been admitted, and of admiration for that great and good man who led the armies of the South in that hopeless struggle. I looked back after a moment, but they had forgotten me as, gathered around a table, they gazed intently on a map. Before these soldiers took counsel again the battle of Gettysburg had been lost and won.

After that there fell a great silence on the valley. I do not remember that a single soldier was left in Elizabethtown. We were now a part of the Southern Confederacy. There was no communication with the North, and no one could tell when it would be reopened. Many thought that the next news would be that Washington had been abandoned and the government ready to conclude a peace.

Was there ever a day as hot as the second of July in that year! I seem to feel the stillness of it now. Before noon the same mysterious cloud that had appeared during the battle of Antietam was seen again, slowly, silently mounting up to heaven, far away to the north. It was more awful than the one before because of the silence. No sound could be heard. The ever-growing cloud went up in mute significance to God. The cool breeze that blew when the battle of Antietam was being fought suggested conflict, action, some heroic human effort; but this was as silent as a sacrifice; it was not like the work of man, but of God.

No one spoke; the very children were hushed at the

Wheeling Sharply, He Glanced Quickly to Right and Left and Then Looked Down

solemn sight. Who could fail to think of all it meant? No one thought of charges as possible that day; it seemed as if men must simply be standing still to die. Of course we learned later of what was being done while the great sun was baking the white pikes and burning the overripe wheat that should have been cut a week before.

The next day was like the one before. No sound was heard, only the overspreading cloud hung still in the burning air. It was a great day in American history—a day in which it would be felt, when the cloud had lifted, that Pickett's charge showed what America could dare as truly as Hancock's resistance showed what America could bear.

The third day, the Fourth of July, came in with wind and pelting rain. How much the significance of that day entered into the thoughts of people!

That night we went to bed knowing nothing; yet how much there was of probability! Was it likely that that great army could be defeated by anything that the North could collect on such short notice? Yet why did no word come? To those who were too far from the field of battle to feel its subtle influence no words can convey what the strain of those days was to us.

Before daybreak the town was waked by the roar of wagons, the tired horses urged to a spasmodic gallop now and then by the whip and the frequent curse of the panic-stricken driver. Those who lived on the lower street, through which the ambulances passed, heard

the groans and curses of the wounded and more than once an awful cry as some soul parted from the body in agony. No one dared to stop those men to question them. Those who hoped for the Confederate cause said that Lee was sending back the wounded of the first day's fight in order that he might not be delayed in his advance. That theory received confirmation as the day went on and no more came. How near that guess came to being true will probably now never be known.

So the day dragged its slow length to evening—worse than the last in this, that now even the cloud had departed and absolute silence settled again upon the valley. At last night came, and with the night the same ominous roar of wagons—the grinding roll of provision trains and then the clanking of the artillery. No one could longer doubt what had happened. I rose with the sun, and, going to the front gate, saw a sight that I shall never forget. There was a man leaning over the gate whose head was tied up with a bloody cloth; his face was colorless, and I trembled as I looked at him, for I had never seen death. Presently he moved, and, seeing me, mumbled: "Well, Bud, I reckon I don't look putty this mornin'." If I had been horrified before, I was turned to stone now, for I could not believe that any human being could look like that and live. But worse was to come, for, removing his handkerchief, the lower jaw fell down, and I saw that it had been completely shattered by a ball.

"Well, Buddy, what do you think of that?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," I cried. "Come in, and my mother will give you something for it.

"I reckon yo' ma ain't got anything fo' that," he replied; "but if yo' is got any milk, I'd love a taste of it."

So I brought him into the kitchen, not daring to touch him for fear he would fall to pieces. He managed to pour the milk down his throat, and then said he must move on: he reckoned the Yanks would be coming along that way before long. But of the battle he could tell nothing; he had been shot the first day, and had started to the rear. He had been passed by the ambulances and had received only the laconic statement that Lee's army had been blown to h——! He inquired anxiously how far it was to the river, and started off to the woods with more milk in his canteen. It was not long before we saw a great cloud of dust to the north, but could see no troops. As well as we could tell, it was moving away to the west, which puzzled us more than ever; for if Lee was retreating, why did he not keep straight on through the town? It was not till long after that we learned the secret of those masterly movements which were taking place under our very eyes. Then we learned that Lee, being perfectly acquainted with the roads, and knowing that he had behind him the splendid pikes for which this part of the country was famous, instead of moving due south and having his army blocked by its own members, turned to the west just before reaching Elizabethtown, and,

throwing up breastworks, quietly moved his army over the Potomac without the loss of a gun. In the meantime the rear guard attacked so vigorously that Meade debouched to the east and intrenched also; so that we were exactly between the two lines.

Our house was the last on Hill street, which was, indeed, a cul-de-sac. Soon after the wounded man had left I again mounted the gatepost and saw a troop of perhaps a dozen Confederate cavalrymen riding like mad across the bridge. When they reached our house they saw there was no thoroughfare. The officer in command told me to open the gate, which led into a large field next the house, and when they had ridden through I pointed out the road at the bottom of the hill, which ran into the Williamsport pike. "Now fasten that gate and don't open to any one." I pushed the staple through the hasp and again mounted guard on the post. I had not long to wait. A squadron of blue-coated soldiers came thundering down the road. "Open that gate," cried the officer, as soon as he spied me. For a moment I hesitated. I saw as in a dream Lee and Longstreet and Hill. What would they say? Might not the issue of the war depend upon me? I said—but surely it was not my voice but that of a much littler boy I heard—"The gentleman that just went through told me—" But a revolver was pointed at my head, and a voice of thunder ordered, "Come down off of there, you d——d little rebel!" And I came down.

That day passed like a dream. All night we could hear the ring of the axes and the crash of the trees felled by the Confederates for their breastworks. There was no firing. In the morning we could see with the glass the guns in position and the flags flying on the earthworks. I do not remember how long this continued, but I know that one morning my mother looked out the first thing, as usual, and saw the guns in position and the flags flying, but no movement of any kind; and then, on closer scrutiny, the guns did not look natural, and at last it began to dawn upon us that the troops were gone, and so it proved. While all that felling of timber and erecting of earthworks was going on, Lee was silently moving his men across the Potomac, and the guns were painted logs, and the flags were colored rags; and when the boys of the town poured into the earthworks there was not a bayonet or a cartridge box to be found. The great strategist had taken his broken army safely away in the face of a powerful enemy.

—*Leighton Parks, in the Century Magazine*

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THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield,
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

In Vain Virginia Charged and Raged

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works today!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battleflag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the night's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentle purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

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—*Will Henry Thompson*

LEE IN DEFEAT

After the surrender at Appomattox Court House it was General Lee's hope that all effects of war should be forgotten and that all should be loyal to the United States. Do you know of any other example of a great man suffering defeat for the cause he thought to be right? Could the term "victorious in defeat" be applied to General Lee? Give reasons for your answer.

THE sternest test of Lee's character was yet to come. Only those who went through it can know the depth of the humiliation in which, during the next few years, malignity, with ignorance for ally, strove to steep the South.

Out of it Lee came without a trace of rancor or of bitterness. In all the annals of our race no man has ever shown a nobler or more Christian spirit.

Lincoln, who was of Southern blood and whose passion was a reunited Union, was in his grave, slain by a madman, and after life's fitful fever was sleeping well, his last message being one of peace and good will. His successor began by flinging himself into the arms of those who hated Lincoln most.

On the twenty-ninth of May President Johnson issued a proclamation of amnesty, but General Lee, with all others of rank, was excluded from its operation, and he was indicted for treason by a grand jury, com-

From "Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier," by Thomas Nelson Page

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posed partly of negroes, especially selected for the purpose of returning indictments against him and Mr. Davis. There were those who stood proudly aloof and gave no sign of desiring reinstatement as citizens. Some scornfully declared their resolution to live and die without accepting parole.

Not so the broad-minded and wise Lee. He immediately wrote (on June 13) to the President applying for the "benefits and full restoration of all rights and privileges extended to those included in the terms of the proclamation." This application he inclosed on the same day in a letter to General Grant informing him that he was ready to meet any charges that might be preferred against him and did not wish to avoid trial, but that he had supposed that the officers and men of the army of Northern Virginia were by the terms of surrender protected by the United States Government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions.

Grant immediately rose to the demand of the occasion—as he had a way of doing in great emergencies. He informed General Lee that his understanding of the convention at Appomattox was identical with his; and he is said to have threatened Johnson with the surrender of the command of the army unless the indictment were quashed and the convention honorably observed.

Johnson himself, confronted by an ever-strengthening phalanx of enemies within his own party, soon,

for his own reasons, underwent a change of heart, and from denouncing against the South measures that should "make treason odious," began to speak of the South to Southerners in a more conciliatory manner. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, who had been arrested, was treated in Washington with kindness and consideration.

It was on learning of this that General Lee declared his opinion that the decision of war having been against the South, it was "the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact." The interests of the State of Virginia, he said, were the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity would rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens then appeared to him too plain to admit of doubt. He urged that all should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war and to restore the blessings of peace. That they should remain if possible in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men who would devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. "I have," he asserted, "invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and endeavored to practice it myself."

He was much disturbed about this time by the tendency of some of his old friends in their despair to emigrate from the South. That constant soul knew no

defeat, much less despair, and he had not despaired of the South. He protested against leaving the State for any reason, avowing his unalterable belief in the duty of every man to remain and bear his part in whatever trials might befall. "The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it," he wrote, "is abhorrent to my feelings, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than to give up all as lost, and Virginia has need for all her sons." And his devotion he exemplified to the fullest extent in his life.

The war had scarcely ceased and his condition of narrow circumstances become known, when offers of places of honor and profit began to come to him: offers of the presidency of insurance companies and of other industrial enterprises—proposals that he should allow his name to be used for the highest office in the gift of the State, even offers from admirers in the old country of an asylum on that side of the water, where a handsome estate was tendered him, as a tribute of admiration, so that he could spend the residue of his life in peace and comfort.

His reply to all these allurements was that which we now know was the only one he could make, a gracious but irrevocable refusal. During the war, when a friend had suggested to him the probability that the people of the South would demand that he should be their President, he had promptly and decisively declared that he would never accept such a position. So now,

when the governorship of Virginia was proposed to him, he firmly refused to consider it. With the same firmness he rejected all proposals to provide him with honorable commercial positions at a high salary.

On one of these occasions he was approached with a tender of the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of $50,000 a year. He declined it on the ground that it was work with which he was not familiar. "But, General," said the gentleman who represented the insurance company, "you will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is the use of your name."

"Do you not think," said General Lee, "that if my name is worth $50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?"

Amid the commercialism of the present age this sounds as the oath of a knight of the Round Table.

Defeated in one warfare, he was still captain militant in the service of Duty: Duty, that like the moon, often shows her darkened face to her votary, though in the future she may beam with radiance.

Duty now appeared to him to send her summons from a little mountain town in which was a classical school which Washington had endowed, and Lee, turning from all offers of wealth and ease, obeyed her call.

"They are offering my father everything," said one of his daughters, "but the only thing he will accept: a place to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work." That speech, made to a Trustee of the

Institution referred to, brought Lee the offer of the presidency of Washington College at a salary of $1500 a year, and, after some hesitation, feeling that his affiliation with an institution might, in the state of political feeling then existing, prove an injury rather than a benefit to it, he accepted.

Thus, the first captain of his time, and almost, if not quite, the most famous man in the world, with offers that might well, in that hour of trial, have allured even him with all his modesty, turned his back on the world, and, following the lamp with which Duty appeared to light his way, rode quietly to that little mountain town in Rockbridge to devote the remainder of his life to fitting the sons of his old soldiers to meet the exactions of the coming time. On his old war-horse he rode into Lexington alone one afternoon in the early autumn, and, after a hush of reverent silence at his first appearance, was greeted on the streets by his old soldiers with the far-famed rebel yell which he had heard last as he rode down the lane from Appomattox.

Ah! ride on alone, old man, with Duty at thy bridle-bit: behind thee is the glory of thy military career; before thee is the transcendent fame of thy future. Thou shalt abide there henceforth; there shall thy ashes repose; but thou shalt make of that little town a shrine to which pilgrims shall turn with softened eyes so long as men admire virtue and the heart aspires to the ideal of Duty.

He was sworn in as president on the second of October, 1865, and henceforth his life was devoted to the new service he had entered on, with the same zeal with which he always applied himself to the duty before him.

TO WHOM SHALL THE WORLD HENCEFORTH BELONG?

To whom shall the world henceforth belong,
And who shall go up and possess it?

To the Great-Hearts—the strong
Who will suffer no wrong,
And where they find evil redress it.

To the men of Bold Light
Whose souls, seized of Light,
Found a work to be done and have done it.

To the Valiant who fought
For a soul-lifting thought,
Saw the fight to be won and have won it.

To the Men of Great Mind
Set on lifting their kind,
Who, regardless of danger, will do it.

To the Men who will bear
Their full share of Life's care,
And will rest not till wrongs be all righted.

To the Men of Good Fame
Who everything claim—
This world and the next—in their Master's great name—

To these shall the world henceforth belong,
And they shall go up and possess it;
Overmuch, o'erlong, has the world suffered wrong,
We are here by God's help to redress it.

From "The Fiery Cross," by John Oxenham

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A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

APOLOGIA

This literary trifle, *A Message to Garcia*, was written one evening after supper, in a single hour.

It was on the Twenty-second of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March *Philistine*. The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent villagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.

It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia.

I got up from the table, and wrote *A Message to Garcia*. I thought so little of it that we ran it in the Magazine without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra copies of the March *Philistine*, a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand, I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred up the cosmic dust.

"It's the stuff about Garcia," he said.

The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus, "Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also how soon can ship."

I replied, giving price, and stated we could supply the

pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand booklets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of half a million. Two or three of these half-million lots were sent out by Mr. Daniels, and, in addition, the article was reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into all written languages.

At the time Mr. Daniels was distributing the *Message to Garcia*, Prince Hilakoff, Director of Russian Railways, was in this country. He was the guest of the New York Central, and made a tour of the country under the personal direction of Mr. Daniels. The Prince saw the little book and was interested in it, more because Mr. Daniels was putting it out in such big numbers, probably, than otherwise.

In any event, when he got home he had the matter translated into Russian, and a copy of the booklet given to every railroad employee in Russia.

Other countries then took it up, and from Russia it passed into Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan, and China. During the war between Russia and Japan every Russian soldier who went to the front was given a copy of the *Message to Garcia*.

The Japanese, finding the booklets in possession of the Russian prisoners, concluded that it must be a good thing, and accordingly translated it into Japanese.

And on an order of the Mikado, a copy was given to every man in the employ of the Japanese Government, soldier or civilian.

Over forty million copies of *A Message to Garcia* have been printed. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history—thanks to a series of lucky accidents.

East Aurora,
December 1, 1913

E. H.

Rowan Delivered His Letter to Garcia

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should

be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Sha'n't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and

the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good

times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

—*Elbert Hubbard*

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CARRY ON

It's easy to fight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong.
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

From the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert W. Service, author of "The Spell of the Yukon," etc.

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GLIMPSES OF OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

Until the time of the World War many people in America, both old and young, had lost their keen realization of just what war means. Almost all of the thousands of our young men who went to France have been unwilling to tell much about their experiences. Today educators everywhere, as well as statesmen, diplomats, and all other thinking people, are endeavoring to shape the thought of the world so that another war will be impossible.

Here is a record of the experiences and observations of a great American writer who shows in a vivid way what she saw and heard behind the Allied lines. American boys and girls who read this story will surely do all in their power to prevent another war.

THEY were detraining in dense brown crowds at what had been the station before German guns had knocked it into a shapeless heap of tumbled bricks; they were pouring in on foot along the road from the west; and when I made my way along the main street to the river, I found another khaki-clad line leaving the little town, marching heavily, unrhythmically, and strongly out across the narrow, temporary wooden bridge, laid hastily across the massive stone pillars which were all that remained of the old bridge.

An old, white-capped woman, who had been one of my neighbors in the days before the little town had known German guns or American soldiers, called out to me: "Oh, Madame! See them! Isn't it wonderful! Just look at them! All day like that, all night like that.

Are there any people left in America? And are all your people so big, so fine?"

"Where are they going?" I asked her, taking refuge for a moment in her doorway.

"To the front directly, the poor boys. They'll be fighting in two hours—do you hear the big guns off there banging away? And they so good, like nice big boys! Their poor mothers!"

I addressed myself in English to a soldier loitering near, watching the troops pass, "So they are going to the front, these boys?" After a stare of intense surprise, a broad smile broke over his face. He came closer. "No, ma'am," he said, looking at me hard. "No, these are the Alabama boys just coming back from the front. They've been fighting steady for five days." He added: "My, it seems good to talk to an American woman. I haven't seen one for four months!"

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"Just from the Champagne front, with the Third Division. Two of our regiments out there were—" He began pouring out exact, detailed military information which I would not have dreamed of asking him. The simple-hearted open confidence of the American soldier was startling and alarming to one who had for long breathed the thick air of universal suspicion. I stopped his fluent statement of which was his regiment, where they had been, what their losses had been, where they were going. "No, no, I mean where are you from in the States?" I raised my voice to make myself heard

above the sudden thunder of a convoy of munition-camions passing by and filling the narrow street from side to side.

"Oh, from Kansas City, Missouri. It's just eight months and seven days since I last saw the old town." (Thus does a mother count the very days of the little new life of her child.)

"And how do you like France?"

"Oh, it's all right, I guess. The climate's not so bad. And the towns would be well enough if they'd clean up their manure-piles better."

"And the people, how do you get on with them?"

The camions had passed and the street was again filled with American infantry, trudging forward with an air of resolute endurance.

"Well enough; they don't cheat you. I forgot and left a fifty-franc bill lying on the table of a house where I'd bought some eggs, and the next morning the woman sent her little girl over to camp to give it back to me. Real poor-appearing folk they were, too. But I've had enough. I want to get home. Uncle Sam's good enough for me. I want to hurry up and win the war and beat it back to God's country."

He fell away before the sudden assault on me of an old, old man and his old wife, with the dirt, the hunted look, the crumpled clothes, the desperate eyes of refugees: "Madame, Madame, help us! We cannot make them understand, the Americans! We want to go back to Villers-de-Petit. We want to see what is left of our

house and garden. We want to start in to repair the house—and our potatoes must be dug."

I had passed that morning through what was left of their village. For a moment I saw their old, tired, anxious faces dimly as though across the long stretch of shattered heaps of masonry. I answered evasively: "But you know they are not allowing civilian population to go back as yet. All this region is still shelled. It's far too dangerous."

They gave together an exclamation of impatience as though over the futilities of children's talk. "But, Madame, if *we* do not care about the danger. We never cared! We would not have left, ever, if the soldiers had not taken us away in camions—our garden and vineyard just at the time when they needed attention every hour. Well, we will not wait for permission; we will go back anyhow. The American soldiers are not bad, are they, Madame? They would surely not fire on an old man and his wife going back to their homes? If Madame would only write on a piece of paper that we only want to go back to our home to take care of it—"

Their quavering old voices came to me indistinctly through the steady thudding advance of all those feet, come from so far, on so great, so high, so perilous a mission; come so far, many of them, to meet death more than halfway—the poor, old, cramped people before me, blind and deaf to the immensity of the earthquake, seeing nothing but that the comfort of their

own lives was in danger. I had a nervous revulsion of feeling and broke the news to them more abruptly than I would have thought possible a moment before. "There is nothing left to Villers-de-Petit. There is nothing left to go back to."

Well, they were not so cramped, so blind, so small, my poor old people. They took the news standing, and after the first clutch at each other's wrinkled hands, after the first paling of their already ashy faces, they did not flinch.

"But the crops, Madame. The vineyards. Are they all gone, too?"

"No, very little damage done there. Everything was kept, of course, intact for camouflage, and the retreat was so rapid there was not enough time for destruction."

"Then we will still go back, Madame. We have brought the things for spraying the vineyards as far as here. Surely we can get them to Villers-de-Petit, it is so near now. We can sleep on the ground, anywhere. In another week, you see, Madame, it will be too late to spray. We have enough for ours and our neighbors, too. We can save them if we go *now*. If Madame would only write on a piece of paper in their language that—"

So I did it. I tore a flyleaf out of a book lying in the heap of rubbish before the ruins of a bombarded house (it was a treatise on Bach's chorales by the French organist Widor!) and wrote: "These are two brave old people, inhabitants of Villers-de-Petit, who wish to

go back there to work under shell-fire to save what they can of their own and their neighbors' crops. Theirs is the spirit that is keeping France alive."

"It probably won't do you a bit of good," I said, "but there it is for what it is worth."

"Oh, once the American soldiers know what we want, they will let us pass, we know." They went of trustfully, holding my foolish "pass" in their hands.

I turned from them to find another young American soldier standing near me. "How do you do?" I said, smiling at him.

He gave a great start of amazement at the sound of my American accent. "Well, how do you like being in France?" I asked him.

"Gee! Are you really an American woman?" he said incredulously, his young face lighting up as though he saw a member of his own family. "I haven't talked to one in *so long!* Why yes, I like France fine. It's the loveliest country to look at, isn't it? I didn't know any country could be kept up so, like a garden. How do they *do* it without any men left? They must be awfully fine people. I wish I could talk to them some."

"Who are these soldiers going through today?" I asked. "Are they going out to the front line trenches, or coming back? I've been told both things."

He answered with perfect certainty and precision: "Neither. They are Second Division troops, from Ohio mostly, just out of their French training camp,

going up to hold the reserve line. They never have been in action yet."

Our attention was distracted to the inside of a fruit-shop across the street, a group of American soldiers struggling with the sign language, a flushed, tired, distracted woman shopkeeper volubly unable to conceive that men with all their senses could not understand her native tongue. I went across to interpret. One of the soldiers in a strong Southern accent said: "Oh golly, yes, if you *would* do the talkin' fo' us. We cyan't make out whetheh we've paid heh or not, and we wondeh if she'd 'low us to sit heah and eat ouh fruit."

From the Frenchwoman: "Oh, Madame, please what *is* it they want now? I have shown them everything in sight. How strange that they can't understand the simplest language!"

The little misunderstanding was soon cleared away. I lingered by the counter. "How do you like our American troops, Madame?" I asked.

"Very well, very much indeed, if only they could talk. They don't do any harm. They are good to the children. They are certainly as brave as men can be. But there is one thing about them I don't understand. They overpay you, often, more than you ask—won't take change—and yet if you leave things open, as we always do, in front of the shop, they just put their hands in and steal as they go by. I have lost a great deal in that way. If they have so much money, why do they steal?"

I contemplated making, and gave it up as too difficult, a short disquisition on the peculiarities of the American orchard-robbing tradition with its ramifications, and instead sat down at the table with the Americans, who gave me the greeting always repeated, "Great Scott! it's good to talk to an American woman!"

A fresh-faced, splendidly built lad looked up from the first bite of his melon, crying: "Yes suh, a cantaloupe, a' honest-to-the-Lawd cantaloupe! I neveh thought they'd *heahd* of such a thing in France."

They explained to me, all talking at once, pouring out unasked military information till my hair rose up scandalized, that this was their first experience with semi-normal civilian life in France because they belonged to the troops from Georgia, volunteers, that they had been in the front-line trenches at exactly such a place for precisely so many weeks where such and such things happened, and before that at such another place, where they were so many strong, etc., etc.

"So we neveh saw real sto's to buy things till we struck this town. And when I saw a cantaloupe I mighty nigh dropped daid! I don't reckon I'm likely to run into a watermelon, am I? I suahly would have to be ca'ied back to camp on a stretcheh if I did!" He laughed out, a boy's cloudless laughter. "But say, what do you-all think? I paid fo'ty-five cents for this slice, yes, ma'am, fo'ty-five cents for a *slice*, and back home in Geo'gia you pay a nickel for the biggest one in the sto'!" He buried his face in the yellow fruit.

The house began to shake to the ponderous passage of artillery. The boys in khaki turned their stag-like heads toward the street, glanced at the motley colored, mule-drawn guns and pronounced expertly, "The 43d Heavy Artillery, going out to Nolepieds, the fellows from Illinois. They've just been up in the Verdun sector and are coming down to reinforce the 102d."

For the first time the idea crossed my head that possibly their mania for pouring out military information to the first comer might not be so fatal to necessary secrecy as it seemed. I rather pitied the spy who might attempt to make coherent profit out of their candor. "How do you like being in France?" I asked the boy who was devouring the melon.

He looked up, his eyes kindling, "Well, I was plumb crazy to get heah, and now I'm heah I like it mo' even than I 'lowed I would." I looked at his fresh, unlined boy's cheeks, his clear, bright boy's eyes, and felt a great wave of pity. "You haven't been in active service yet," I surmised.

Unconsciously, gayly, he flung my pity back in my face: "You bet yo' life I have. We've just come from the Champagne front, and the sehvice we saw theah was suah active, how about it, boys?"

They all burst out again in rapid, high-keyed, excited voices, longing above everything else for a listener, leaning forward over the table toward me, their healthy faces flushed with their ardor, talking hurriedly be-

cause there was so much to say, their tense young voices a staccato clatter of words which brought to me in jerks horribly familiar war-pictures, barrage-fires meeting, advancing over dead comrades, hideous hand-to-hand combats—all chanted in those eager young voices.

I felt the heavy pain at the back of the head which presages a wave of mortal war-sickness.

In a pause, I asked, perhaps rather faintly: "And you like it? You are not ever homesick?"

The boy with the melon spoke for them all. He stretched out his long arms, his hands clenched to knotty masses of muscles; he set his jaw, his blue eyes were like steel, his beautiful young face was all aflame. "Oh, you just get to *love* it!" he cried, shaking with the intensity of his feeling, "you just *love* it! Why, I *neveh* want to go home!"

At this I felt sicker, stricken with the collective remorse over the war which belongs to the older generation. I said good-by to them and left them to their childlike ecstasy over their peaches and melons.

The artillery had passed. The street was again solidly filled with dusty, heavily laden young men in khaki, tramping silently and resolutely forward, their brown steel casques, shaped like antique Greek shepherd hats, giving to their rounded young faces a curious air of classic rusticity.

An older man, with a stern, rough, plain face stood near me. "How do you do?" I asked. "Can you tell

me which troops these are and where they are going?" I wondered what confident and uninformed answer I would receive this time.

Showing no surprise at my speech, he answered: "I don't know who they be. You don't never know anything but your own regiment. The kids always think they do. They'll tell you this and they'll tell you that, but the truth is we don't know no more than Ann—not even where we are ourselves, nor where we're going, most of the time."

His accent made me say: "I wonder if you are not from my part of the country. I live in Vermont when I'm at home."

"I'm from Maine," he said soberly, "a farmer, over draft age of course. But it looked to me like a kind o' mean trick to make the boys do it all for us, so I come along, too."

"How do you like it, now you're here?" I asked.

He looked at me heavily. "Like it? It's hell!" he said.

"Have you been in active service?" I used my usual cowardly evasive phrase.

"Yes, ma'am, I've killed some of 'em," he answered me with brutal, courageous directness. He looked down at his hands as he spoke, big, calloused farmer's hands, crooked by holding the plow handles. As plainly as he saw it there, I saw the blood on them, too. His stern, dark, middle-aged face glowered down solemnly on those strong farmer's hands. "It's dirty

work, but it's got to be done," he said, gravely, "and I ain't a-going to dodge my share of it."

A very dark-eyed, gracefully built young soldier came loitering by now, and stopped near us, ostensibly to look at the passing troops, but evidently in order to share in the phenomenon of a talk in English with an American woman. I took him into the conversation with the usual query, "How do you do, and how do you like being in France?"

He answered with a strong Italian accent, and I dived into a dusty mental corner to bring out my half-forgotten Italian. In a moment we were talking like old friends. He had been born in Italy, yes, but brought up in Waterbury, Connecticut. His grandfather had been one of Garibaldi's Thousand, so, of course, he had joined the American Army and come to France among the first.

"Well, there are more than a Thousand of you this time," I said, looking at the endless procession defiling before us.

"*Si, signora*, but it is a part of the same war. We are here to go on with what the Thousand began."

Yes, that was true, John Brown's soul and Garibaldi's, and those of how many other fierce old fighting lovers of freedom were marching there before my eyes, carried like invisible banners by all those strong young arms.

An elderly woman in well-brushed dowdy black came down the street toward us, an expression of care on her face. When she saw me she said: "Well, I've found you.

They said you were in town today. Won't you come back to the house with me? Something important. I'm terribly troubled with some American officers—oh, the war!"

I went, apprehensive of trouble, and found her house (save for a total absence of window-glass) in its customary speckless and shining order. She took me upstairs to what had been a bedroom and was now an office in the Quartermaster's Department. It was filled with packing-case improvised desks and with serious-faced, youngish American officers who, in their astonishment at seeing me, forgot to take their long black cigars out of their mouths.

"There!" said the woman-with-a-grievance, pointing to the floor. "Just look at that. Just *look!* I tell them and I *tell* them, not to put their horrid boxes on the floor, but to keep them on the linoleum, but they are so stupid, they can't understand language that any child could take in! And they drag those boxes just full of nails all over the floor. I'm *sick* of them and their scratches."

A big gun boomed solemnly off on the horizon as accompaniment to this speech.

I explained in a neutral tone to the officers looking expectantly at me what was at issue. I made no comment. None was needed evidently, for they said with a gravity which I found lovable that they would endeavor to be more careful about the floor, that indeed they had not understood what their landlady

had been trying to tell them. I gave her their assurance and she went away satisfied.

As the door closed on her, they broke broad grins and pungent exclamations. "Well, how about that! Wouldn't that get you? With the town bombarded every night, to think the old lady was working herself up to a froth about her floor-varnish! And we thinking that every French person is breaking his heart over the invaded regions!"

One of them said, "I never thought of it before, but I bet you my Aunt Selina would do just that! I just bet if her town was bombarded she'd go right on shooing the flies out of her kitchen and mopping up her pantry floor with skim-milk. Why, the French are just like anybody, aren't they? Just like our own folks!'

"They are," I assured him, "so exactly like our own folks, like everybody's own folks that it's quite impossible to tell the difference."

When I went away the owner of the house was sweeping the garden path clear of broken glass. "This bombardment is such a nuisance!" she said disapprovingly. "I'd like to know what the place would be like if I didn't stay to look after it."

I looked at her enviously, securely shut away as she was by the rigid littleness of her outlook from any blighting comprehension of what was going on about her. But then, I reflected, there are instants when the comprehension of what is going on is not blighting. No, on the whole I did not envy her.

Outside the gate I fell in at once with a group of American soldiers. It was impossible to take a step in any direction in the town without doing this. After the invariable expressions of surprises and pleasure over seeing an American woman, came the invariable burst of eager narration of where they had been and what had been happening to them. They seemed to me touchingly like children, who have had an absorbing, exciting adventure and must tumble it all out to the first person they meet. Their haste, their speaking all at once, gave me only an incoherent idea of what they wished to say. I caught odd phrases, disconnected sentences, glimpses through pinholes.

"One of the fellows, a conscript, that came to fill a vacant place in our lines, he was only over in France two weeks, and it was his first time in a trench. He landed there at six o'clock in the evening, and just like I'm telling you, at a quarter past six a shell up and exploded and buried him right where he stood. Yes, ma'am, you certainly do see some very peculiar things in this war."

From another: "Some of the fellows say they think about the *Lusitania* when they go after the *Boche.* I don't have to come down as far as that. Belgium's plenty good enough a whetstone for *my* bayonet." (This reminded me with a thrill that we are the nation that has always ultimately risen in defense of the defenseless.)

From another: "One of our own darkies went up

to one of these here Senegalese and began talking United States in him. Of course the other darky talked back in French, and ours said, 'Why, you pore thing! You be'n over heah so long you don forgot yo' motheh-tongue!' "

From another: "Oh, I can't stand the French! They make me tired! And their jabber! I seen some of 'em talk it so fast they couldn't even understand each other! Honest, I did."

From another: "There's something that sort of *takes* me about the life over here. I'm not going to be in any hurry to go back to the States and hustle my head off after the war's over."

From another: "Not for mine. Me for Chicago the day after the *Boches* are licked."

They were swept away by a counter-current somewhere in the khaki ebb and flow about us, and I found myself with a start next to a *poilu*, yes a real *poilu* with a faded horizon-blue uniform and a domed, battered, blue French casque, such a *poilu* as had filled the town when I had lived there.

"Well," I said to him, "things have changed here. The town's khaki now." He looked at me out of bright brown eyes, smiled, and entered into conversation. We talked, of course, of the American soldier, one of whom came up and stood at my elbow. When I stopped to speak to him, "Gee!" he said, "I wish I could rip it off like that. I can '*combien*' and '*trop cher*,' but there I stick. Say, what does the Frenchman say about us?

Now, since that little Belleau-wood business I guess they see we know a thing or two ourselves about how to run a war! They're all right, of course; mighty fine soldiers, but Lord! you'd know by the way any one of them does business, as if he's all day for it, that they couldn't run a war *fast*, the way it ought to be run, the way we're going to run it, now we're here."

I did not think it necessary to translate all of this to the bright-eyed little Frenchman on my other side, who began to talk as the American stopped. "You asked my opinion of the American troops, Madame. I will give it to you frankly. The first who came over, your regular army, the mercenaries, made a very bad impression indeed. All who have come since have made the best possible impression. They are really astonishingly courageous, and there could be no better, or more cordial comrades in the world. But oh! Madame, as far as they really know how to make modern war, they are children, just children! They make the mistakes we made four years ago. They have so much to learn of the technique of war, and they will lose so many men in learning it! It is sad to think of!"

I did not think it necessary to translate all this to the American who now shook hands with both of us and turned away. The Frenchman, too, after a look at the clock in the church tower, made his compliments, saluted, and disappeared.

I walked forward and, coming to the church door, stepped inside. It was as though I had stepped into

another world. I had found the only place in town where there were no soldiers. The great, gray, dim, vaulted interior was empty.

After the beat of the marching feet outside, after the shuffling to and fro of the innumerable men quartered in town, after the noisy shops crowded with khaki uniforms, after the incessant thunderous passage of the artillery and munitions-camions the long, hushed quiet of the empty church rang loud in my ears. I wondered for just an instant if there could be any military regulation, forbidding our soldiers to enter the church; and even as I wondered, the door opened and a boy in khaki stepped in—one out of all those hordes. He crossed himself, took a rosary out of his pocket, knelt, and began his prayers.

Thirty thousand soldiers were in that town that day. Whatever else we are, I reflected, we are not a people of mystics.

But then I remembered the American soldier who had said that Belgium was a good enough whetstone for his bayonet. I remembered the rough, gloomy farmer who did not want to shirk his share of the world's dirty work. Perhaps there are various kinds of mystics.

Once outside the church I turned to look up Madame Larconneur, the valiant market-gardener who had been one of my neighbors, a tired young war-widow, with two little children, whom I had watched toiling early and late, day and night, to keep intact the little prop-

erty left her by her dead soldier husband. I had watched her drawing from the soil of her big garden, wet quite literally by her sweat, the livelihood for her fatherless little girls. I wondered what the bombardment of the town had done to her and her small, priceless home.

I found the street, I found the other houses there, but where her little, painfully well-kept house had stood was a heap of stones and rubble, and in the place of her long, carefully tended rows of beans and cabbages and potatoes were shell holes where the chalky barren subsoil streaked the surface, and where the fertile black earth, fruit of years of labor, was irrevocably buried out of sight. Before all this, in her poor, neat black, stood the war-widow with her children.

I sprang forward, horrified, the tears on my cheeks. "Oh, Madame Larconneur, how awful! How awful!" I cried, putting out both hands to her.

She turned a white, quiet face on me and smiled, a smile that made me feel infinitely humble. "My little girls are not hurt," she said, drawing them to her, "and as for all this—why, if it is a part of getting other people's homes restored to them"—her gesture said that the price was not too high.

The look in her sunken eyes took me for an instant up into a very high place of courage and steadfastness. For the first time that day the knot in my throat stopped aching. I was proud to have her put her work-deformed hands in mine and to feel on my cheeks her sister's kiss.

They Passed by Hundreds, by Thousands, an Endless, Endless Procession

It steadied me somewhat during the difficult next hour, when in the falling twilight I walked up and down between the long rows of raw earth, with the innumerable crosses, each with its new, bright American flag, fluttering in the sweet country air. I needed to recall that selfless courage, for my heart was breaking with sorrow, with guilt-consciousness, with protest, as I stood there, thinking of our own little son, of the mothers of the boys who lay there.

A squad of soldiers were preparing graves for the next day. As they dug in the old, old soil of the cemetery to make a place for the new flesh come from so far to lie there forever, a strong odor of corruption and decay came up in puffs and drifted away down toward the little town lying below us, in its lovely green setting, still shaking rhythmically to the ponderous passage of the guns, of the troops, of the camions.

At one side were a few recent German graves, marked with black crosses, and others, marked with stones, dating from the war of 1870, that other nightmare when all this smiling countryside was blood-soaked—and how many times before that!

Above me, dominating the cemetery, stood a great monument of white marble, holding up to all those graves the ironic inscription, "Love ye one another."

The twilight fell more and more deeply, and became darkness. The dull, steady surge of the advancing troops grew louder. Night had come, night no longer used for rest after labor in the sunlight, night which

must be used to hurry troops and more troops forward over roads shelled by day.

They passed by hundreds, by thousands, an endless, endless procession—horses, mules, camions, artillery, infantry, cavalry; obscure shadowy forms no longer in uniform, no longer from Illinois, or Georgia or Vermont, no longer even American; only human—young men, crowned with the splendor of their strength, going out gloriously through the darkness to sacrifice.

—*Dorothy Canfield, in "The Day of Glory"*

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THE CALL

Far and near, high and clear,
Hark to the call of War!
Over the gorse and the golden dells,
Ringing and swinging of clamorous bells,
Praying and saying of wild farewells:
War! War! War!

High and low, all must go:
Hark to the shout of War!
Leave to the women the harvest yield;
Gird ye, men, for the sinister field;
A sabre instead of a scythe to wield:
War! War! War!

Rich and poor, lord and boor,
Hark to the blast of War!
Tinker and tailor and millionaire,
Actor in triumph and priest in prayer,
Comrades now in the hell out there,
Sweep to the fire of War!

Prince and page, sot and sage,
Hark to the roar of War!
Poet, professor and circus clown,
Chimney-sweeper and fop o' the town,
Into the pot and be melted down:
Into the pot of War!

Women all, hear the call,
The pitiless call of War!
Look your last on your dearest ones,
Brothers and husbands, fathers, sons:
Swift they go to the ravenous guns,
The gluttonous guns of War.

Everywhere thrill the air
The maniac bells of War.
There will be little of sleeping to-night;
There will be wailing and weeping to-night;
Death's red sickle is reaping to-night:
War! War! War!

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—*Robert W. Service*

A LITTLE KANSAS LEAVEN

It is fortunate for the progress of the world that there are a great many people of every assortment of names who are related to the Boardman family that Miss Canfield tells about in this story. Such people—the ones who make it their personal business to take a hand in doing the world's work and in righting society's wrongs—have made modern civilization possible.

You will be glad to read about Giles Boardman, the old Puritan, and about his grandchildren with ever so many *greats* to describe them. Perhaps you had a Giles Boardman among your ancestors. At any rate, the best in American life came from the Boardmans and their kind. Many did not come to America as Puritans. Whether they did or not, they have stood, and America has stood for the rule of righteousness among men and for the application of that greatest law the world has ever known—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

BETWEEN 1620 and 1630 Giles Boardman, an honest, sober, well-to-do English master-builder found himself hindered in the exercise of his religion. He prayed a great deal and groaned a great deal more (which was perhaps the Puritan equivalent of swearing), but in the end he left his old home and his prosperous business and took his wife and young children the long, difficult, dangerous ocean voyage to the New World. There, to the end of his homesick days, he fought a hand-to-hand battle with wild nature to wring a living from the soil. He died at fifty-four, an exhausted old man, but his last words were, "Praise God that I was allowed to escape out of the pit digged for me."

His family and descendants, condemned irrevocably to an obscure struggle for existence, did little more than keep themselves alive for about a hundred and thirty years, during which time Giles' spirit slept.

In 1775 one of his great-great-grandsons, Elmer Boardman by name, learned that the British soldiers were coming to take by force a stock of gunpowder concealed in a barn for the use of the barely beginning American Army. He went very white, but he kissed his wife and little boy good-bye, took down from its pegs his musket, and went out to join his neighbors in repelling the well-disciplined English forces. He lost a leg that day and clumped about on a wooden substitute all his hard-working life; but, although he was never anything more than a poor farmer, he always stood very straight with a smile on his plain face whenever the new flag of the new country was carried past him on the Fourth of July. He died, and his spirit slept.

In 1854 one of his grandsons, Peter Boardman, had managed to pull himself up from the family tradition of hard-working poverty, and was a prosperous grocer in Lawrence, Massachusetts. The struggle for the possession of Kansas between the Slave States and the North announced itself. It became known in Massachusetts that sufficiently numerous settlements of Northerners voting for a Free State would carry the

day against slavery in the new territory. For about a month Peter Boardman looked very sick and yellow, had repeated violent attacks of indigestion, and lost more than fifteen pounds. At the end of that time he sold out his grocery (at the usual loss when a business is sold out) and took his family by the slow, laborious caravan route out to the little new raw settlement on the banks of the Klaw, which was called Lawrence for the city in the East which so many of its inhabitants had left. Here he recovered his health rapidly, and the look of distress left his face; indeed, he had a singular expression of secret happiness. He was caught by the Quantrell raid and was one of those hiding in the cornfeld when Quantrell's men rode in and cut them down like rabbits. He died there of his wounds. And his spirit slept.

His granddaughter Ellen, plain, rather sallow, very serious, was a sort of office manager in the firm of Walker and Pennypacker, the big wholesale hardware merchants of Marshallton, Kansas. She had passed through the public schools, had graduated from the High School, and had planned to go to the State University; but the death of the uncle who had brought her up after the death of her parents made that plan impossible. She learned as quickly as possible the trade which would bring the most money immediately, became a good stenographer, though never a rapid one, and at eighteen entered the employ of the hardware firm.

She was still there at twenty-seven, on the day in August, 1914, when she opened the paper and saw that Belgium had been invaded by the Germans. She read with attention what was printed about the treaty obligation involved, although she found it hard to understand. At noon she stopped before the desk of Mr. Pennypacker, the senior member of the firm, for whom she had a great respect, and asked him if she had made out correctly the import of the editorial "*Had* the Germans promised they wouldn't ever go into Belgium in war?"

"Looks that way," said Mr. Pennypacker, nodding, and searching for a lost paper. The moment after he had forgotten the question and the questioner.

Ellen had always rather regretted not having been able to "go on with her education," and this gave her certain little habits of mind which differentiated her somewhat from the other stenographers and typewriters in the office with her, and from her cousin, with whom she shared the small bedroom in Mrs. Wilson's boarding house. For instance, she looked up words in the dictionary when she did not understand them, and she had kept all her old schoolbooks on the shelf of the boarding-house bedroom. Finding that she had only a dim recollection of where Belgium was, she took down her old geography and located it. This was in the wait for lunch, which meal was always late at Mrs. Wilson's. The relation between the size of the little country and the bulk of Germany made an im-

pression on her. "My! it looks as though they could just make one mouthful of it," she remarked. "It's *awfully* little."

"Who?" asked Maggie. "What?"

"Belgium and Germany."

Maggie was blank for a moment. Then she remembered. "Oh, the war. Yes, I know. Mr. Wentworth's fine sermon was about it yesterday. War is the wickedest thing in the world. Anything is better than to go killing each other. They ought to settle it by arbitration. Mr. Wentworth said so."

"They oughtn't to have done it if they'd promised not to," said Ellen. The bell rang for the belated lunch and she went down to the dining-room even more serious than was her habit.

She read the paper very closely for the next few days, and one morning surprised Maggie by the loudness of her exclamation as she glanced at the headlines.

"What's the matter?" asked her cousin. "Have they found the man who killed that old woman?" She herself was deeply interested in a murder case in Chicago.

Ellen did not hear her. "Well, thank *goodness!*" she exclaimed. "England is going to help France and Belgium!"

Maggie looked over her shoulder disapprovingly. "Oh, I think it's awful! Another country going to war! England a Christian nation, too! I don't see how Christians *can* go to war. And I don't see what call

the Belgians had, anyhow, to fight Germany. They might have known they couldn't stand up against such a big country. All the Germans wanted to do was just to walk along the roads. They wouldn't have done any harm. Mr. Schnitzler was explaining it to me down at the office."

"They'd promised they wouldn't," repeated Ellen. "And the Belgians had promised everybody that they wouldn't let anybody go across their land to pick on France that way. They kept their promise and the Germans didn't. It makes me *mad!* I wish to goodness our country would help them!"

Maggie was horrified. "*Ellen Boardman,* would you want *Americans* to commit murder? You'd better go to church with me next Sunday and hear Mr. Wentworth preach one of his fine sermons."

Ellen did this, and heard a sermon on passive resistance as the best answer to violence. She was accustomed to accepting without question any statement she found in a printed book, or what any speaker said in any lecture. Also her mind, having been uniquely devoted for many years to the problems of office administration, moved with more readiness among letter files and card catalogues of customers than among the abstract ideas where now, rather to her dismay, she began to find her thoughts centering. More than a week passed after hearing that sermon before she said one night as she was brushing her hair: "About the Belgians—if a robber wanted us to let him go

through this room so he could get into Mrs. Wilson's room and take all her money and maybe kill her, would you feel all right just to snuggle down in bed and let him? Especially if you had told Mrs. Wilson that she needn't ever lock the door that leads into our room, because you'd see to it that nobody came through?"

"Oh, but," said Maggie, "Mr. Wentworth says it is only the German *Government* that wanted to invade Belgium, that the German soldiers just hated to do it. If you could fight the German Kaiser, it'd be all right."

Ellen jumped at this admission. "Oh, Mr. Wentworth does think there are *some* cases where it isn't enough just to stand by, and you say you don't like it?"

Maggie ignored this. "He says the people who really get killed are only the poor soldiers that aren't to blame."

Ellen stood for a moment by the gas, her hair up in curl papers, the light full on her plain, serious face, sallow above the crude white of her straight, unornamented nightgown.

She said, and to her own surprise her voice shook as she spoke: "Well, suppose the real robber stayed down in the street and only sent up here to rob and kill Mrs. Wilson some men who just hated to do it, but were too afraid of him not to. Would you think it was all right for us to open our door and let them go through without trying to stop them?"

Maggie did not follow this reasoning, but she received a disagreeable, rather daunting impression from

the eyes which looked at her so hard, from the stern, quivering voice. She flounced back on her pillow, saying impatiently, "I don't know what's got into you, Ellen Boardman. You look actually *queer* these days! What do *you* care so much about the Belgians for? You never heard of them before all this began! And everybody knows how immoral French people are."

Ellen turned out the gas and got into bed silently.

Maggie felt uncomfortable and aggrieved. The next time she saw Mr. Wentworth she repeated the conversation to him. She hoped and expected that the young minister would immediately furnish her with a crushing argument to lay Ellen low, but instead he was silent for a moment, and then said: "That's rather an interesting illustration about the burglars going through your room. Where does she get such ideas?"

Maggie disavowed with some heat any knowledge of the source of her cousin's eccentricities. "I don't *know* where! She's a stenographer downtown."

Mr. Wentworth looked thoughtful and walked away, evidently having forgotten Maggie.

In the days which followed the office manager of the wholesale hardware house more and more justified the accusation of looking "queer." It came to be so noticeable that one day her employer, Mr. Pennypacker, asked her if she didn't feel well. "You've been looking sort of under the weather," he said.

She answered, "I'm just *sick* because the United States won't do anything to help Belgium and France."

Mr. Pennypacker had never received a more violent shock of pure astonishment. "Great Scotland!" he ejaculated, "what's that to *you?*"

"Well, I live in the United States," she advanced, as though it were an argument.

Mr. Pennypacker looked at her hard. It was the same plain, serious rather sallow face he had seen for years bent over his typewriter and his letter files. But the eyes were different—anxious, troubled.

"It makes me sick," she repeated, "to see a great big nation picking on a little one that was only keeping its promise."

Her employer cast about for a conceivable reason for the aberration. "Any of your folks come here from there?" he ventured.

"Gracious, *no!*" cried Ellen, almost as much shocked as Maggie would have been at the idea that there might be "foreigners" in her family. She added: "But you don't have to be related to a little boy, do you, to get mad at a man that's beating him up, especially if the boy hasn't done anything he oughtn't to?"

Mr. Pennypacker stared. "I don't know that I ever looked at it that way." He added: 'I've been so taken up with that lost shipment of nails, to tell the truth, that I haven't read much about the war. There's always *some* sort of a war going on over there in Europe, seems to me." He stared for a moment into space, and came back with a jerk to the letter he was dictating.

That evening, over the supper table, he repeated to

his wife what his stenographer had said. His wife asked, "That little sallow Miss Boardman that never had a word to say for herself?" and upon being told that it was the same, said wonderingly, "Well, what ever started *her* up I wonder?" After a time she said, "*Is* Germany so much bigger than Belgium as all that? Pete, go get your geography." She and her husband and their High School son gazed at the map. "It looks that way," said the father. "Gee! They must have had their nerve with them. Gimme the paper." He read with care the war-news and the editorial which he had skipped in the morning, and as he read he looked very grave, and rather cross. When he laid the paper down he said, impatiently: "Oh, damn the war! Damn Europe, anyhow!" His wife took the paper out of his hand and read in her turn the news of the advance into Northern France.

Just before they fell asleep his wife remarked out of the darkness, "Mr. Scheidemann, down at the grocery, said today the war was because the other nations were jealous of Germany.'"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Pennypacker heavily, "that I'd have any call to take an ax to a man because I thought he was jealous of me."

"That's so," admitted his wife.

During that autumn Ellen read the papers, and from time to time broke her silence and unburdened her mind to the people in the boarding house. They

considered her unbalanced on the subject. The young reporter on the Marshallton *Herald* liked to lead her on to "get her going," as he said—but the others dodged whenever the war was mentioned and looked apprehensively in her direction.

The law of association of ideas works, naturally enough, in Marshallton, Kansas, quite as much at its ease as in any psychological laboratory. In fact, Marshallton was a psychological laboratory with Ellen Boardman, an undefined element of transmutation. Without knowing why, scarcely realizing that the little drab had crossed his field, Mr. Pennypacker found the war recurring to his thoughts every time he saw her. He did not at all enjoy this, and each time that it happened he thrust the disagreeable subject out of his mind with impatience. The constant recurrence of the necessity for his effort brought upon his usually alert good-humored face an occasional clouded expression like that which darkened his stenographer's eyes. When Ellen came into the dining-room of the boarding house, even though she did not say a word, every one there was aware of an unpleasant interruption to the habitual, pleasant current of their thoughts directed upon their own affairs. In self-defense some of the women took to knitting polo caps for Belgian children. With those in their hands they could listen, with more reassuring certainty that she was "queer," to Miss Boardman's comments on what she read in the newspaper. Every time Mr. Wentworth, preaching one of

his excellent, civic-minded sermons on caring for the babies of the poor, or organizing a playground for the children of the factory workers, or extending the work of the Ladies' Guild to neighborhood visits, caught sight of that plain, very serious face looking up at him searchingly, expectantly, he wondered if he had been right in announcing that he would not speak on the war because it would certainly cause dissension among his congregation.

One day, in the middle of winter, he found Miss Boardman waiting for him in the church vestibule, after every one else had gone. She said, with her usual directness: "Mr. Wentworth, do you think the French ought to have just let the Germans walk right in and take Paris? Would you let them walk right in and take Washington?"

The minister was a young man, with a good deal of natural heat in his composition, and he found himself answering this bald question with a simplicity as bald: "No, I wouldn't."

"Well, if they did right, why don't we help them?" Ellen's homely, monosyllabic words had a ring of despairing sincerity.

Mr. Wentworth dodged them hastily. "We *are* helping them. The charitable effort of the United States in the war is something astounding. The statistics show that we have helped. . . ." He was going on to repeat some statistics of American war-relief just then current, when Mr. Scheidemann, the

prosperous German grocer, a most influential member of the First Congregational Chruch, came back into the vestibule to look for his umbrella, which he had forgotten after the service. By a reflex action beyond his control the minister stopped talking about the war. He and Miss Boardman had, for just long enough so that he realized it, the appearance of people "caught" discussing something they ought not to mention. The instant after, when Ellen had turned away, he felt the liveliest astonishment and annoyance at having done this. He feared that Miss Boardman might have the preposterous notion that he was *afraid* to talk about the war before a German. This idea nettled him intolerably. Just before he fell asleep that night he had a most disagreeable moment, half awake, half asleep, when he himself entertained the preposterous idea which he had attributed to Miss Boardman. It woke him up, broad awake, and very much vexed. The little wound he had inflicted on his own vanity smarted. Thereafter, at any mention of the war, he straightened his back to a conscious stiffness and raised his voice if a German were within hearing. And every time he saw that plain, dull face of the stenographer he winced.

On the eighth of May, 1915, when Ellen went down to breakfast, the boarding-house dining-room was excited. Ellen heard the sinking of the *Lusitania* read aloud by the young reporter. To every one's surprise she added nothing to the exclamations of horror with which the others greeted the news. She looked very

white and left the room without touching her breakfast. She went directly down to the office, and when Mr. Pennypacker came in at nine o'clock she asked him for a leave of absence, "maybe three months, maybe more," depending on how long her money held out. She explained that she had in the savings bank five hundred dollars, the entire savings of a lifetime, which she intended to use now.

It was the first time in eleven years that she had ever asked for more than her regular yearly fortnight, but Mr. Pennypacker was not surprised. "You've been awfully run-down lately. It'll do you good to get a real rest. But it won't cost you all *that!* Where are you going? To Battle Creek?"

"I'm not going to rest," said Miss Boardman, in a queer voice. "I'm going to work in France."

The first among the clashing and violent ideas which this announcement aroused in Mr. Pennypacker's mind was the instant certainty that she could not have seen the morning paper. "Great Scotland—not much you're not! This is no time to be taking ocean trips. The submarines have just got one of the big ocean ships, hundreds of women and children drowned."

"I heard about that," she said, looking at him very earnestly, with a dumb emotion struggling in her eyes. "That's why I'm going."

Something about the look in her eyes silenced the business man for a moment. He thought uneasily that she had certainly gone a little dippy over the war.

Then he drew a long breath and started in confidently to dissuade her.

At ten o'clock, informed that if she went she need not expect to come back, she went out to the savings bank, drew out her five hundred dollars, went down to the station and bought a ticket to Washington, one of Mr. Pennypacker's arguments having been the great difficulty of getting a passport.

Then she went back to the boarding house and began to pack two-thirds of her things into her trunk, and put the other third into her satchel, all she intended to take with her.

At noon Maggie came back from her work, found her thus, and burst into shocked and horrified tears. At two o'clock Maggie went to find the young reporter, and, her eyes swollen, her face between anger and alarm, she begged him to come and "talk to Ellen. She's gone off her head."

The reporter asked what form her mania took.

"She's going to France to work for the French and Belgians as long as her money holds out, . . . all the money she's saved in all her life!"

The first among the clashing ideas which this awakened in the reporter's mind was the most heartfelt and gorgeous amusement. The idea of that dumb, backwoods, pie-faced stenographer carrying her valuable services to the war in Europe seemed to him the richest thing that had happened in years! He burst into laughter. "Yes, sure I'll come and talk to her," he

agreed. He found her lifting a tray into her trunk. "See here, Miss Boardman," he remarked reasonably, "do you know what you need? You need a sense of humor! You take things too much in dead earnest. The sense of humor keeps you from doing ridiculous things, don't you know it does?"

Ellen faced him, seriously considering this. "Do you think all ridiculous things are bad?" she asked him, not as an argument, but as a genuine question.

He evaded this and went on. "Just look at yourself now, . . . just look at what you're planning to do. Here is the biggest war in the history of the world; all the great nations involved; millions and millions of dollars being poured out; the United States sending hundreds and thousands of packages and hospital supplies by the million; and nurses and doctors and Lord knows how many trained people, . . . and look! who comes here?—a stenographer from Walker and Pennypacker's, in Marshallton, Kansas, setting out to the war!"

Ellen looked long at this picture of herself, and while she considered it the young man looked long at her. As he looked, he stopped laughing. She said finally, very simply, in a declarative sentence devoid of any but its obvious meaning, "No, I can't see that that is so very funny."

At six o'clock that evening she was boarding the train for Washington, her cousin Maggie weeping by her side, Mrs. Wilson herself escorting her, very much

excited by the momentousness of the event taking place under her roof, her satchel carried by none other than the young reporter, who, oddly enough, was not laughing at all. He bought her a box of chocolates and a magazine, and shook hands with her vigorously as the train started to pull out of the station. He heard himself saying, "Say, Miss Boardman, if you see anything for me to do over there, you might let me know," and found that he must run to get himself off the train before it carried him away from Marshallton altogether.

A fortnight from that day (passports were not so difficult to get in those distant days when war-relief work was the eccentricity of only an occasional individual) she was lying in her second-class cabin, as the steamer rolled in the Atlantic swells beyond Sandy Hook. She was horribly seasick, but her plans were all quite clear. Of course she belonged to the Young Women's Christian Association in Marshallton, so she knew all about it. At Washington she had found shelter at the Y. W. C. A. quarters. In New York she had done the same thing, and when she arrived in Paris (if she ever did) she could, of course, go there to stay. Her roommate, a very sophisticated, much traveled art student, was immensely amused by the artlessness of this plan. "I've got the *dernier cri* in greenhorns in my cabin," she told her group on deck. "She's expecting to find a Y. W. C. A. in *Paris!*"

But the wisdom of the simple was justified once more.

There was a Y. W. C. A. in Paris, run by an energetic, well-informed American spinster. Ellen crawled into the rather hard bed in the very small room (the cheapest offered her) and slept twelve hours at a stretch, utterly worn out with the devastating excitement of her first travels in a foreign land. Then she rose up, comparatively refreshed, and with her foolish, ignorant simplicity inquired where in Paris her services could be of use. The energetic woman managing the Y. W. C. A. looked at her very dubiously.

"Well, there might be something for you over on the *rue* Pharaon, number 27. I hear there's a bunch of society dames trying to get up a *vestiaire* for refugees there."

As Ellen noted down the address she said warningly, her eyes running over Ellen's worn blue serge suit: "They don't pay anything. It's work for volunteers, you know."

Ellen was astonished that any one should think of getting pay for work done in France. "Oh, gracious, no!" she said, turning away.

The directress of the Y. W. C. A. murmured to herself, "Well, you certainly never can tell by *looks!*"

At the *rue* Pharaon, number 27, Ellen was motioned across a stony gray courtyard littered with wooden packing cases, into an immense draughty dark room, that looked as though it might have been originally the coach and harness room of a big stable. This also was strewed and heaped with packing cases in indes-

Nolan Appeared in His Shirt-sleeves With the Rammer in His Hand

cribable confusion, some opened and disgorging innumerable garments of all colors and materials, others still tightly nailed up. A couple of elderly workmen in blouses were opening one of these. Before others knelt or stood distracted looking, elegantly dressed women, their arms full of parti-colored bundles, their eyes full of confusion. In one corner, on a bench, sat a row of wretchedly poor women and white-faced, silent children, the latter shod more miserably than the poorest negro child in Marshallton. Against a packing case near the entrance leaned a beautifully dressed, handsome, middle-aged woman, a hammer in one hand. Before her at ease stood a pretty girl, the fineness of whose tightly drawn silk stockings, the perfection of whose gleaming coiffure, the exquisite hang and fit of whose silken dress filled Ellen Boardman with awe. In an instant her own stout cotton hose hung wrinkled about her ankles, she felt on her neck every stringy wisp of her badly dressed hair, the dip of her skirt at the back was a physical discomfort. The older woman was speaking. Ellen could not help overhearing. She said forcibly: "No, Miss Parton, you will not come in contact with a single heroic poilu here. We have nothing to offer you but hard, uninteresting work for the benefit of ungrateful, uninteresting refugee women, many of whom will try to cheat and get double their share. You will not lay your hand on a single fevered masculine brow. . . ." She broke off, made an effort for self-control, and went on with a resolutely reasonable

air: "You'd better go out to the hospital at Neuilly. You can wear a uniform there from the first day, and be in contact with the men. I wouldn't have bothered you to come here, except that you wrote from Detroit that you would be willing to do *anything*. scrub floors or wash dishes."

The other received all this with the indestructible good humor of a girl who knows herself very pretty and as well dressed as any one in the world. "I know I did, Mrs. Putnam," she said, amused at her own absurdity. "But now I'm here I'd be *too* disappointed to go back if I hadn't been working for the soldiers. All the girls expect me to have stories about the work, you know. And I can't stay very long, only four months, because my coming-out party is in October. I guess I *will* go to Neuilly. They take you for three months there, you know." She smiled pleasantly, turned with athletic grace, and picked her way among the packing cases back to the door.

Ellen advanced in her turn.

"Well?" said the middle-aged woman, rather grimly. Her intelligent eyes took in relentlessly every detail of Ellen's costume and Ellen felt them at their work.

"I came to see if I couldn't help," said Ellen.

"Don't you want direct contact with the wounded soldiers?" asked the older woman ironically.

"No," said Ellen with her habitual simplicity. "I wouldn't know how to do anything for them. I'm not a nurse."

"You don't suppose *that's* any obstacle!" ejaculated the other woman.

"But I never had anything to do with sick people," said Ellen. "I'm the office manager of a big hardware firm in Kansas."

Mrs. Putnam gasped like a drowning person coming to the surface. "You are!" she cried. "You don't happen to know shorthand, do you?"

"Gracious! of course I know shorthand!" cried Ellen, her astonishment proving her competence.

Mrs. Putnam laid down her hammer and drew another long breath. "How much time can you give us?" she asked. "Two afternoons a week? Three?"

"Oh, *my!*" said Ellen, "I can give all my time, from eight in the morning till six at night. That's what I came for."

Mrs. Putnam looked at her a moment as though to assure herself that she was not dreaming, and then, seizing her by the arm, she propelled her rapidly towards the back of the room, and through a small door into a dingy little room with two desks in it. Among the heaped-up papers on one of these a blond young woman with inky fingers sought wildly something which she did not find. She said without looking up: "Oh, Aunt Maria, I've just discovered that that shipment of clothes from Louisville got acknowledged to the people of Seattle! And I can't find that letter from the woman in Indianapolis who offered to send children's shirts from her husband's factory. You said

you laid it on your desk last night, but I *cannot* find it. And do you remember what you wrote Mrs. Worthington? Did you say anything about the shoes?"

Ellen heard this but dimly, her gaze fixed on the confusion of the desks which made her physically dizzy to contemplate. Never had she dreamed that papers, sacred records of fact, could be so maltreated. In a reflex response to the last question of the lovely, distressed young lady she said, "Why don't you look at the carbon copy of the letter to Mrs. Worthington?"

"Copy!" cried the young lady aghast. "Why, we don't begin to have time to write the letters *once*, let alone *copy* them!"

Ellen gazed horrified into an abyss of ignorance which went beyond her utmost imaginings. She said feebly, "If you kept your letters in a letter file you wouldn't ever lose them."

"There," said Mrs. Putnam, in the tone of one unexpectedly upheld in a rather bizarre opinion, "I've been saying all the time we ought to have a letter file. But do you suppose you could *buy* one in Paris?" She spoke dubiously from the point of view of one who had bought nothing but gloves and laces and old prints in Paris.

Ellen answered with the certainty of one who had found the Y. W. C. A. in Paris: "I'm sure you can. Why, they could not do business a *minute* without letter files."

Mrs. Putnam sank into a chair with a sigh of bewilderment and fatigue, and showed herself to be as truly a superior person as she looked by making the following speech to the newcomer: "The truth is, Miss . . ."

"Boardman," supplied Ellen.

"Miss Boardman, the fact is that we are trying to do something which is beyond us, something we ought never to have undertaken. But we didn't know we were undertaking it, you see. And now that it is begun, it must not fail. All the wonderful American good will which has materialized in that room full of packing cases must not be wasted, must get to the people who need it so direly. It began this way. We had no notion that we would have so great an affair to direct. My niece and I were living here when the war broke out. Of course we gave all our own clothes we could spare and all the money we could for the refugees. Then we wrote home to our American friends. One of my letters was published by chance in a New York paper and copied in a number of others. Everybody who happened to know my name"—(Ellen heard afterwards that she was of the holy of holies of New England families)—"began sending me money and boxes of clothing. It all arrived so suddenly, so unexpectedly. We had to rent this place to put the things in. The refugees came in swarms. We found ourselves overwhelmed. It is impossible to find a single English-speaking stenographer who is not already more than overworked. The

only help we get is from volunteers, a good many of them American society girls like that one you . . ." she paused to invent a sufficiently savage characterization and hesitated to pronounce it. "Well, most of them are not quite so absurd as that. But none of them know any more than we do about keeping accounts, letters . . ."

Ellen broke in: "How do you keep your accounts, anyhow? Bound ledger, or loose-leaf system?"

They stared. "I have been careful to set down everything I could *remember* in a little notebook," said Mrs. Putnam.

Ellen looked about for a chair and sat down on it hastily. When she could speak again, after a moment of silent collecting of her forces she said: "Well, I guess the first thing to do is to get a letter file. I don't know any French, so I probably couldn't get it. If one of you could go . . ."

The pretty young lady sprang for her hat. "I'll go! I'll go, Auntie."

"And," continued Ellen, "you can't do anything till you keep copies of your letters and you can't make copies unless you have a typewriter. Don't you suppose you could rent one?"

"I'll rent one before I come back," said Eleanor, who evidently lacked neither energy nor good will. She said to Mrs. Putnam: "I'm going, instead of you, so that you can superintend opening those boxes. They are making a most horrible mess of it, I know."

"Before a single one is opened you ought to take down the name and address of the sender, and then note the contents," said Ellen, speaking with authority. "A card catalogue would be a good system for keeping that record, I should think, with dates of the arrival of the cases. And why couldn't you keep track of your refugees that way, too? A card for each family, with a record on it of the number in the family and of everything given. You could refer to it in a moment, and carry it out to the room where the refugees are received."

They gazed at her plain, sallow countenance in rapt admiration.

"Eleanor," said Mrs. Putnam, "bring back cards for a card catalogue, hundreds of cards, thousands of cards." She addressed Ellen with a respect which did honor to her native intelligence. "Miss Boardman, wouldn't you better take off your hat? Couldn't you work more at your ease? You could hang your things here." With one sweep of her white, well-cared-for hand she snatched her own Parisian habiliments from the hanger and hook, and installed there the Marshallton wraps of Ellen Boardman. She set her down in front of the desk; she put in her hands the ridiculous little Russian leather-covered notebook of the "accounts," she opened drawer after drawer crammed with letters; and with a happy sigh she went out to the room of the packing cases, closing the door gently behind her, that she might not disturb the high-priestess of business management who already bent over those

abominably misused records, her eyes gleaming with the sacred fire of system.

There is practically nothing more to record about the four months spent by Ellen Boardman as far as her work at the *vestiaire* was concerned. Every day she arrived at number 27 *rue* Pharaon at eight o'clock and put in a good hour of quiet work before any of the more or less irregular volunteer ladies appeared. She worked there till noon, returned to the Y. W. C. A., lunched, was in the office again by one o'clock, had another hour of forceful concentration before any of the cosmopolitan great ladies finished their lengthy *déjeuners*, and she stayed there until six in the evening, when everyone else had gone. She realized that her effort must be not only to create a rational system of records and accounts and correspondence which she herself could manage, but a fool-proof one which could be left in the hands of the elegant ladies who would remain in Paris after she had returned to Kansas.

And yet, not so fool-proof as she had thought at first. She was agreeably surprised to find both Mrs. Putnam and her pretty niece perfectly capable of understanding a system once it was invented, set in working order, and explained to them. She came to understand that what on her first encounter with them, she had naturally enough taken for congenial imbecility, was merely the result of an ignorance and an experience which remained to the end astounding to her. Their good will was as great as their native capacity.

Eleanor set herself resolutely, if very awkwardly, to learn the use of the typewriter. Mrs. Putnam even developed the greatest interest in the ingenious methods of corraling and marshaling information and facts which were second nature to the business woman. "I never saw anything more fascinating!" she cried the day when Ellen explained to her the workings of a system for cross-indexing the card catalogue of refugees already aided. "How *do* you think of such things?"

Ellen did not explain that she generally thought of them in the two or three extra hours of work she put in every day, while Mrs. Putnam ate elaborate food. It soon became apparent that there had been much "repeating" among the refugees. The number possible to clothe grew rapidly, far beyond what the "office force" could manage to investigate. Ellen set her face against miscellaneous giving without knowledge of conditions. She devised a system of visiting inspectors which kept track of all the families in their rapidly growing list. She even made out a sort of time-card for the visiting ladies which enabled the office to keep some track of what they did, and yet did not ruffle their leisure-class dignity, . . . and this was really an achievement. She suggested, made out, and then had printed an orderly report of what they had done, what money had come in, how it had been spent, what clothes had been given and how distributed, the number of people aided, the most pressing needs. This she had put in every letter sent to America. The result was

enough to justify Mrs. Putnam's naïve astonishment and admiration of her brilliant idea. Packing cases and checks flowed in by every American steamer.

Ellen's various accounting systems and card catalogues responded with elastic ease to the increased volume of facts, as she, of course, expected them to; but Mrs. Putnam could never be done marveling at the cool certainty with which all this immense increase was handled. She had a shudder as she thought of what would have happened if Miss Boardman had not dropped down from heaven upon them. Dining out, of an evening, she spent much time expatiating on the astonishing virtues of one of her volunteers.

Ellen conceived a considerable regard for Mrs. Putnam, but she did not talk of her in dining out, because she never dined anywhere. She left the "office" at six o'clock and proceeded to a near-by bakery where she bought four sizable rolls. An apple cart supplied a couple of apples, and even her ignorance of French was not too great an obstacle to the purchase of some cakes of sweet chocolate. With these decently hidden in a small black handbag, she proceeded to the waiting room of the Gare de L'Est, where, like any traveler waiting for his train, she ate her frugal meal; ate as much of it, that is, as a painful tightness in her throat would let her. For the Gare de L'Est was where the majority of French soldiers took their trains to go back to the front after their occasional week's furlough with their families.

No words of mine can convey any impression of what she saw there. No one who has not seen the Gare de L'Est night after night can ever imagine the sum of stifled human sorrow which filled it thickly, like a dreadful incense of pain going up before some cruel god. It was there that the mothers, the wives, the sweethearts, the sisters, the children brought their priceless all and once more laid it on the altar. It was there that those terrible silent farewells were said, the more unendurable because they were repeated and repeated till human nature reeled under the burden laid on it by the will. The great court outside, the noisy echoing waiting room, the inner platform which was the uttermost limit for those accompanying the soldiers returning to hell—they were not only always filled with living hearts broken on the wheel, but they were thronged with ghosts of those whose farewell kiss had really been the last, with ghosts of those who had watched the dear face out of sight and who were never to see it again. Those last straining, wordless embraces, those last, hot, silent kisses, the last touch of the little child's hand on the father's cheek which it was never to touch again, . . . the nightmare place reeked of them!

The stenographer from Kansas had found it as simply as she had done everything else. "Which station do the families go to say good-bye to their soldiers?" she had asked, explaining apologetically that she thought maybe if she went there too she could help sometimes; there might be a heavy baby to carry, or

somebody who had lost his ticket, or somebody who hadn't any lunch for the train.

After the first evening spent there she had shivered and wept all night in her bed; but she had gone back the next evening, with the money she saved by eating bread and apples for her dinner; for, of course, the sweet chocolate was for the soldiers. She sat there, armed with nothing but her immense ignorance, her immense sympathy. On that second evening she summoned enough courage to give some chocolate to an elderly shabby soldier, taking the train sadly, quite alone; and again to a white-faced young lad, accompanied by his bent, poorly dressed grandmother. What happened in both those cases sent her back to the Y. W. C. A. to make up laboriously from her little pocket French dictionary and to learn by heart this sentence: "I am sorry that I cannot understand French. I am an American."

Thereafter the surprised and extremely articulate Gallic gratitude which greeted her timid overtures, did not leave her so helplessly swamped in confusion. She stammered out her little phrase with a shy, embarrassed smile and withdrew as soon as possible from the hearty handshake which was nearly always the substitute offered for the unintelligible thanks. How many such handshakes she had! Sometimes as she watched her right hand, tapping on the typewriter, she thought: "Those hands which it has touched, they may be dead now. They were heroes' hands." She looked at her own with awe, because it had touched them.

Once her little phrase brought out an unexpected response from a rough-looking man who sat beside her on the bench waiting for his train, his eyes fixed gloomily on his great soldier's shoes. She offered him, shamefacedly, a little sewing kit which she herself had manufactured, a pad of writing paper, and some envelopes. He started, came out of his bitter brooding, looked at her astonished, and, as they all did without exception, read in her plain, earnest face what she was. He touched his battered trench helmet in a sketched salute and thanked her. She answered as usual that she was sorry she could not understand French, being an American. To her amazement he answered in fluent English, with an unmistakable New York twang: "Oh, you are, are you? Well, so'm I. Brought up there from the time I was a kid. But all my folks are French and my wife's French and I couldn't give the old country the go-by when trouble came."

In the conversation which followed Ellen learned that his wife was expecting their first child in a few weeks, . . . "that's why she didn't come to see me off. She said it would just about kill her to watch me getting on the train, . . . and anyhow she's not fit to walk. Maybe you think it's easy to leave her all alone, . . . the poor kid!" The tears rose frankly to his eyes. He blew his nose.

"Maybe I could do something for her," suggested Ellen, her heart beating fast at the idea.

"Gee! Yes! If you'd go to see her! She talks a

little English!" he cried. He gave her the name and address, and when that poilu went back to the front it was Ellen Boardman from Marshallton, Kansas, who walked with him to the gate, who shook hands with him, who waved him a last salute as he boarded his train.

The next night she did not go to the station. She went to see the wife. The night after she was sewing on a baby's wrapper as she sat in the Gare de l'Est, turning her eyes away in shame from the intolerable sorrow of those with their families, watching for those occasional solitary or very poor ones whom alone she ventured to approach with her timidly proffered tokens of sympathy.

At the Y. W. C. A. opinions varied about her. She was patently to every eye respectable to her last drop of blood. And yet *was* it quite respectable to go offering chocolate and writing paper to soldiers you'd never seen before? Everybody knew what soldiers were. Some one finally decided smartly that her hat was a sufficient protection. It is true that her hat was not becoming, but I do not think it was what saved her from misunderstanding. She did not always go to the Gare de l'Est every evening now. Sometimes she spent them in the little dormer-windowed room where the wife of the New York poilu waited for her baby. Several evenings she spent chasing elusive information from the American Ambulance Corps as to exactly the conditions in which a young man without money

could come to drive an ambulance in France, . . . the young man without money being, of course, the reporter on the Marshallton *Herald*. It chanced to be one of the evenings when she was with the young wife that the need came, that she went flying to get the midwife. She sat on the stairs outside, after this, till nearly morning, shaken to her soul by the cries within. When it was quiet, when the midwife let her in to see the baby, she took the little new citizen of the Republic in her arms, tears of mingled thanksgiving and dreadful fear raining down her face, because another man-child had been born into the world. Would *he* grow up only to say farewell at the Gare de l'Est? Oh, she was not sorry that she had come to France to help in that war. She understood now, she understood.

It was Ellen who wrote to the father the letter announcing the birth of a child which gave him the right to another precious short furlough. It was Ellen who went down to the Gare de l'Est, this time to the joyful wait on the muddy street outside the side door from which the returning permissionnaires issued forth, caked with mud to their eyes. It was Ellen who had never before "been kissed by a man" who was caught in a pair of dingy, horizon-blue arms and soundly saluted on each sallow cheek by the exultant father. It was Ellen who was made as much of a godmother as her Protestant affiliations permitted, . . . and oh, it was Ellen who made the fourth at the end of the furlough when (the first time the new mother had left her room)

they went back to the Gare de l'Est. At the last it was Ellen who held the sleeping baby when the husband took his wife in that long, bitter embrace; it was Ellen who was not surprised or hurt that he turned away without a word to her . . . she understood that . . . it was Ellen whose arm was around the trembling young wife as they stood, their faces pressed against the barrier to see him for the last time, it was Ellen who went back with her to the silent desolation of the little room, who put the baby into the slackly hanging arms, and watched her, her eyes burning with unshed tears, those arms close about the little new inheritor of humanity's woes.

Four months from the time she landed in Paris her money was almost gone and she was quitting the city with barely enough in her pocket to take her back to Marshallton. As simply as she had come to Paris, she now went home. She *belonged* to Marshallton. It was a very good thing for Marshallton that she did.

She gave fifty dollars to the mother of baby Jacques (that was why she had so very little left) and she promised to send her ten dollars every month as soon as she herself should be again a wage-earner. Mrs. Putnam and her niece, inconsolable at her loss, went down to the Gare du Quai d'Orsay to see her off, looking more in keeping with the elegant travelers starting for the Midi than Ellen did. Her place, after all, had been at the Gare de l'Est. As they shook hands warmly with her, they gave her a beautiful bouquet, the evi-

dent cost of which stabbed her to the heart. What she could have done with that money!

"You have simply transformed the *vestiaire*, Miss Boardman," said Mrs. Putnam with generous but by no means exaggerating ardor. "It would certainly have sunk under the waves if you hadn't come to the rescue. I wish you *could* have stayed, but thanks to your teaching, we'll be able to manage anything now."

After the train had moved off Mrs. Putnam said to her niece in a shocked voice: "Third class! That long trip to Bordeaux! She'll die of fatigue. You don't suppose she is going back because she didn't have *money* enough to stay! Why, I would have paid anything to keep her." The belated nature of this reflection shows that Ellen's teachings had never gone more than skin deep and that there was still something lacking in Mrs. Putnam's grasp on the realities of contemporary life.

Ellen was again too horribly seasick to suffer much apprehension about submarines. This time she had as cabin-mate in the unventilated second-class cabin the "companion" of a great lady traveling, of course, in a suite in first-class. This great personage, when informed by her satellites' nimble and malicious tongues of Ellen's personality and recent errand in France, remarked with authority to the group of people about her at dinner, embarking upon the game which was the seventh course of the meal: "I disapprove wholly of these foolish American volunteers, . . . ignorant, awk-

ward, provincial boors, for the most part, knowing nothing of all the exquisite old traditions of France, who thrust themselves forward. They make America a laughing-stock."

Luckily, Ellen, pecking feebly at the chilly boiled potato brought her by an impatient stewardess could not know this characterization.

She arrived in Marshallton, and was astonished to find herself a personage. Her departure had made her much more a figure in the town life than she had ever been when she was still walking its streets. The day after her departure the young reporter had written her up in the *Herald* in a lengthy paragraph, and not a humorous one either. The Sunday which she passed on the ocean after she left New York Mr. Wentworth in one of his prayers implored the Divine blessing on "one of our number who had left home and safety to fulfil a high moral obligation and who even now is risking death in the pursuance of her duty as she conceives it." Every one knew that he meant Ellen Boardman, about whom they had all read in the *Herald*. Mr. Pennypacker took, then and there, a decision which inexplicably lightened his heart. Being a good business man, he did not keep it to himself, but allowed it to leak out the next time the reporter from the *Herald* dropped around for chance items of news. The reporter made the most of it, and Marshallton, already spending much of its time in discussing Ellen, read that "Mr. John S. Pennypacker, in view of the high humani-

tarian principles animating Miss Boardman in quitting his employ, has decided not to fill her position but to keep it open for her on her return from her errand of mercy to those in foreign parts stricken by the awful war now devastating Europe."

Then Ellen's letters began to arrive, mostly to Maggie, who read them aloud to the deeply interested boarding-house circle. The members of this, basking in reflected importance, repeated their contents to every one who would listen. In addition, the young reporter published extracts from them in the *Herald*, editing them artfully, choosing the rare plums of anecdote or description in Ellen's arid epistolary style. When her letter to him came, he was plunged into despair because she had learned that he would have to pay part of his expenses if he drove an ambulance on the French front. By that time his sense of humor was in such total eclipse that he saw nothing ridiculous in the fact that he could not breathe freely another hour in the easy good cheer of his care-free life. He revolved one scheme after another for getting money; and in the meantime let no week go by without giving some news from their "heroic fellow-townswoman in France." Highland Springs, the traditional rival and enemy of Marshallton, felt outraged by the tone of proprietorship with which Marshallton people bragged of their delegate in France.

So it happened that when Ellen, fearfully tired, fearfully dusty after the long ride in the day coach, and

fearfully shabby in exactly the same clothes she had worn away, stepped wearily off the train at the well-remembered little wooden station, she found not only Maggie, to whom she had telegraphed from New York, but a large group of other people advancing upon her with outstretched hands, crowding around her with more respectful consideration than she had ever dreamed of seeing addressed to her obscure person. She was too tired, too deeply moved to find herself at home again, too confused, to recognize them all. Indeed, a number of them knew her only by her fame since her departure. Ellen made out Maggie, who embraced her, weeping as loudly as when she had gone away; she saw Mrs. Wilson, who kissed her very hard and said she was proud to know her; she saw with astonishment that Mr. Pennypacker himself had left business in office hours! He shook her hand with energy and said: "Well, Miss Boardman, very glad to see you safe back. We'll be expecting you back at the old stand just as soon as you've rested up from the trip." The intention of the poilu who had taken her in his arms and kissed her had not been more cordial. Ellen knew this and was touched to tears.

There was the reporter from the *Herald*, too; she saw him dimly through the mist of her eyes, as he carried the satchel, the same he had carried five months before with the same things in it. And as they put her in the "hack" (she had never ridden in the hack before) there was Mr. Wentworth, the young minister,

who leaned through the window and said earnestly: "I am counting on you to speak to our people in the church parlors. You must tell us about things over there."

Well, she did speak to them! She was not the same person, you see, she had been before she had spent those evenings in the Gare de l'Est. She wanted them to know about what she had seen, and because there was no one else to tell them, she rose up in her shabby suit and told them herself. The first thing that came into her mind as she stood before them, her heart suffocating her, her knees shaking under her, was the strangeness of seeing so many able-bodied men not in uniform, and so many women not in mourning. She told them this as a beginning and got their startled attention at once, the men vaguely uneasy, the women divining with frightened sympathy what it meant to see all women in black.

Then she went on to tell them about the work for the refugees; . . . not for nothing had she made out the card-catalogue accounts of those life histories. "There was one old woman we helped. . . . She looked some like Mrs. Wilson's mother. She had lost three sons and two sons-in-law in the war. Both of her daughters, widows, had been sent off into Germany to do forced labor. One of them had been a music-teacher and the other a dressmaker. She had three of the grandchildren with her. Two of them had disappeared, . . . just lost somewhere. She didn't have a cent left, the

Germans had taken everything. She was sixty-seven years old and she was earning the children's living by doing scrubwoman's work in a slaughter-house. She had been a school-teacher when she was young.

"There were five little children in one family. The mother was sort of out of her mind, though the doctors said maybe she would get over it. They had been under shell-fire for five days, and she had seen three members of her family die there. After that they wandered around in the woods for ten days, living on grass and roots. The youngest child died then. The oldest girl was only ten years old, but she took care of them all somehow, and used to get up nights when her mother got crazy thinking the shells were falling again."

Ellen spoke badly, awkwardly, haltingly. She told nothing which they might not have read, perhaps had read in some American magazine. But it was a different matter to hear such stories from the lips of Ellen Boardman, born and brought up among them. Ellen Boardman had *seen* those people, and through her eyes Marshallton looked aghast and for the first time believed that what it saw was real, that such things were happening to real men and women like themselves.

When she began to tell them about the Gare de l'Est she began helplessly to cry, but she would not stop for that. She smeared away the tears with her handkerchief wadded into a ball, she was obliged to stop frequently to blow her nose and catch her breath, but she had so much to say that she struggled on, say-

ing it in a shaking, uncertain voice, quite out of her control. Standing there before those well-fed, well-meaning, prosperous, safe countrymen of hers, it all rose before her with burning vividness, and burningly she strove to set it before them. It had all been said far better than she said it, eloquently described in many highly paid newspaper articles, but it had never before been said so that Marshallton understood it. Ellen Boardman, graceless, stammering, inarticulate, yet spoke to them with the tongues of men and angels because she spoke their own language. In the very real, very literal, and wholly miraculous sense of the words, she brought the war—*home*—to them.

When she sat down no one applauded. The women were pale. Some of them had been crying. The men's faces were set and inexpressive. Mr. Wentworth stood up and cleared his throat. He said that a young citizen of their town (he named him, the young reporter) desired greatly to go to the French front as an ambulance driver, but being obliged to earn his living, he could not go unless helped out on his expenses. Miss Boardman had been able to get exact information about that. Four hundred dollars would keep him at the front for a year. He proposed that a contribution should be taken up to that end.

He himself went among them, gathering the contributions, which were given in silence. While he counted them afterwards, the young reporter, waiting with an anxious face, swallowed repeatedly and crossed and

uncrossed his legs a great many times. Before he had finished counting the minister stopped, reached over, and gave the other young man a handclasp. "I envy you," he said.

He turned to the audience and announced that he had counted almost enough for their purpose when he had come upon a note from Mr. Pennypacker saying that he would make up any deficit. Hence they could consider the matter settled. "Very soon, therefore, our town will again be represented on the French front."

The audience stirred, drew a long breath, and broke into applause.

Whatever the rest of the Union might decide to do, Marshallton, Kansas, had come into the war.

—Dorothy Canfield, in "Home Fires in France"

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I AM AN AMERICAN

Native-born Boy

I am an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.

One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;
Another stood his ground with Warren;

Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.

My forefathers were America in the making:
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battle fields;
They led her armies;
They commanded her ships;

They cleared her forests.

Foreign-born Boy

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust;
My mother, a straw in the wind, to his Serene Majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;

Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout;
Another was killed for defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.
And then the dream came—
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch.
The atom of dust became a man.

Dawns reddened and paled.

Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.

Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,

The plenty of her plains,

The riches in her mountains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.

Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.

"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
"It is the emblem of the promised land;
"It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
"Live for it—die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

—*Elias Lieberman*

By permission of the author

THE CITIZEN

Here is a selection that will appeal to millions of American boys and girls because it suggests what our great country meant to their fathers and mothers. Sometimes thoughtless people sneer about "foreigners." They forget that everybody in America except the American Indian is a "foreigner." Whether our parents came last year or three hundred years ago does not make any great difference. We are all Americans today, and our task is to make American life wholesome and happy for all the millions of people with whom we share the privileges and duties of citizenship in our great nation.

ABOUT a year after the beginning of the World War two thousand foreigners who had recently been naturalized were welcomed to American citizenship at a great gathering in Philadelphia. The times were critical; submarine warfare with all its cruelty had recently been begun; three days before the passenger ship *Lusitania* had been sunk with a loss of one hundred twelve Americans; many people felt that the United States was on the verge of war and that the loyalty of all Americans, both native-born and foreign-born, would soon be severely tested. Several thousand men and women listened intently to the chief address on this occasion, given by President Woodrow Wilson. Stirred by the dramatic nature of the event, Mr. Dwyer, himself a naturalized American, wrote this story.

The President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born

men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces aglow with the light of a newborn patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at their husbands from time to time, their faces showing admiration and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big muscular man and stroked it softly. The man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

"You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America."

The big man made a curious choking noise and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

"No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us; but remember this: if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him.

A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome."

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking past the speaker's platform, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a back bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow that hid in the shady places.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said,

sniffing hungrily, with his face turned toward the south. "They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we soldiers lay in the trenches. Praise God for the warmth."

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he ploughed. Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up over night. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers.

That evening Big Ivan spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Aye, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We—we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Aye, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

And That Day the Dream Came to Big Ivan as He Ploughed

"To *America!*"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was eight thousand versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place where he knew no one.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big, blue eyes—the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he ploughed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who

are strong and those who want—who want something that they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies in that little village of the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be regarded as a reflection on the government. But she answered Ivan. She stopped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Aye," he cried, "that is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we shall get it."

Anna stood up, took a small jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured.

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

In some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov the tailor discovered it. Donkov

lived in one-half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and he had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino the smith and Yanansk the baker would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as Ivan went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan, angrily, "I am brave enough to want—"

"Be careful! be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Aye," he said, "I have the Dream."

Through the hot summer time the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look towards the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening

just like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful whining winds from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It swept the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces.

Big Ivan was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his coat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush; then he sniffed the air. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him ten times more lusty than on the day it was born.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "The *Spring!*"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. In silence they listened to the song of the river. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan; "the little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough we would have to go because the Dream is upon me, and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of the butcher will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Poborino the smith, Yanansk the baker, Donkov the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a boy with bright eyes and

yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Aye, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the lad. "I got it from the breezes. They are free; so are the birds and the little clouds and the river, I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly, "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy.

"At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you, and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stopped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes:

> "Versts! versts! Scores and scores of them!
> Versts! versts! A million or more of them!
> Dust! Dust! And the devil who plays in it
> Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it."

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. America was a long, long journey, but they

had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

"I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village of Beresina, but they were not afraid. The railway ran through Bobruisk and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

They came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of an unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go; then came a cry of "Police!"

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare swinging their swords at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached

the sidewalk, and knocked him down with the flat of his sword. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled and fell.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear and sprang from his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him onto the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from his saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street and their position was dangerous.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America! Ivan! America! Come this way! *Quick!*"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. They hurried toward the place where they had taken lodging. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as he entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered, "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away

on a great puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church, and the woollen mills.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America!" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you! It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna would pat his hand and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they first saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little but watching it with wide, wondering eyes.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen* with eyes like yours and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan, boldly. "A free life—"

"Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going abroad, and Ivan and Anna felt that the others were also persons who possessed dreams. Anna saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down and the devils who, according to the fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. Anna lay sick in the stuffy

women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream.

Ivan grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. He was not afraid. Down amid the smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

> "Freedom for serf and for slave,
> Freedom for all men who crave
> Their right to be free
> And who hate to bend knee
> But to Him who this right to them gave."

The emigrant ship pounded the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

An examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool. Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me courage," she said.

"Today I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the Giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles—and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks out into the Irish Sea.

The Atlantic was kind. Through sunny days Ivan and Anna sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the sea devils of the Baltic. Everything unpleasant was forgotten because the Dream filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and Ivan smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "He's a new white hope! Ask him if he can fight?"

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Ask him was it for purses or what," cried the inspector.

"For freedom," answered Ivan.

Ivan and Anna left the government ferryboat at the Battery. They started to walk uptown, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a holiday. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children they walked along the streets of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray towns where the Terror awaited to spring upon the people.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the shop windows, the elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterward they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there a miracle happened to them—a big miracle because it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the traffic. Anna screamed, and in response to her scream a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. The charging autos halted; for five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? This is the land where a peasant is as good as a prince of the blood."

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

"We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true."

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play the national anthem, and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

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—*James Francis Dwyer*

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

This is the land where hate should die—
  No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
  Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
  Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
  That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
  Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
  Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves the land who'd cast
  Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
  From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
  This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
  Before the light of love and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
  That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
  Of this great land in which we live!

From "Heart Songs and Home Songs," by Denis Aloysius McCarthy

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